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THE
BOUQUET,
OR
SPIRIT
OF
ENGLISH POETRY.

THIRD EDITION.

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PREFATORY SONNET.

ONCE more, my youthful friends, as
 wont, we meet
 Around the Christmas hearth. The
 nut-brown ale
 Flows gratefully, I wot, with song
 and tale,
 Alternate blithe and sad, in mixture
 sweet.
 Once more I leave my silent calm re-
 treat
 Your social circles courteously to
 hail;
 Bringing some gifted friends, who
 seldom fail
 To grace our party: Pray give each a
 seat.
 We come, each in his turn, to say our
 say,
 In verse or prose, intent all hearts
 to gain;
 Blending the arch and simple, grave
 and gay,
 But leaning aye unto the moral
 strain;

Hopeful, when idle hours have passed
 away,
That fruit to feed reflection may re-
 main.

THE EDITOR.

THE
BOUQUET.

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY ISABEL HILL.

HERE she comes, the Treasure !
Bringing home her flowers ;
When did mother's pleasure
E'er deck girl like ours ?
Lest the sun should stain her,
Lest the breeze should pain her,
What fond fears are shown !
Of her beauty vainer
Than ever of thine own.

Why that glance so tearful ?
Health is on her cheek,
Modest, mental, cheerful,
Winning, kind, and meek ;

With youth's conscious graces
Stealing to their places,
 Where she hath not guessed :
Though they stretch the laces
 Of her bodiced breast.

While all childhood lingers
 On the brow above,
Yet those airy fingers
 Tempt the lip of love ;
Though not yet retiring
From his kiss aspiring,
 'Tis forgot ere past ;
Ours alone desiring :
 Would that this could last !

But those steps so steady,
 And those guarded eyes,
Mark the teens already,
 They excuse our sighs ;
Sure she'll ne'er deceive us,
Yet may nature grieve us,
 Seeing her so fair,
Knowing she must leave us,
 After all our care !

Kindred ties that bosom
 Fill with peace to-day ;

We have reared the blossom—
Who will bear away ?
Envy well may move us,
Strangers prized above us,
May Heaven bless her vow !
But—she cannot love us
Then, alas ! as now.

Other wills obeying,
Be they but as kind !
Ne'er her trust betraying,
We must grow resigned ;
In her honours priding,
Selfish sorrows hiding—
Hush ! she's here, she's here !
Sure that kiss seemed chiding—
Now, what dared we fear ?

NEW SCENE IN WILLIAM TELL

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Inscribed with gratitude to Miss Ellen Tree, as the spirited "Emma" in "William Tell," and the pathetic "Julia" in the "Hunchback."

ACT V.—SCENE I.

TELL'S COTTAGE.—*Melchtal asleep up on a couch, at the head of which Emma is watching.*

Emma. (*Rising and coming forward.*)—I never knew a weary night before!

I have seen the sun a dozen times go down,

And still no William:—and the storm was on,

Yet have I laid me down in peace to sleep,

The mountain with the lightning all ablaze,

And shaking with the thunder. But to-night

Mine eyes refuse to close ! The old
man rests :

Pain hath outworn itself, and turned
to ease.

How deadly calm's the night !—What's
that ?—I'm grown

An idiot with my fears. I do not know
The avalanche ! Great power that
hurls it down,

Watch o'er my boy, and guide his little
steps !

What keeps him ? 'tis but four hours'
journey hence :

He'd rest : then four hours back again.
What keeps him ?

Erni would sure be found by him—he
knows

The track, well as he knows the road
to Altorf.

Melch. Help ! (*In his sleep.*)

Emma. What's the matter ? Only
the old man dreaming.

He thinks again they're pulling out his
eyes.

I'm sick with terror ! Merciful powers,
what's this

That fills my heart with horrible alarm,
And yet it cannot see ?

Melch. (*Waking.*) Where am I ?

Emma. Father!

Melch. My daughter, is it thou?
thank heaven I'm here.

Is it day yet?

Emma. No.

Melch. Is't far on the night?

Emma. Methinks about the turn on't.

Melch. Is the boy come back?

Emma. No, father.

Melch. Nor thy husband?

Emma. No.

Melch. A woful wife and mother
have I made thee!

Would thou hadst never seen me.

Emma. Father!

Melch. Child!

Emma. Methinks I hear a step!—I
do!—(*Knocking*)—A knock!

Melch. 'Tis William.

Emma. No, it is not William's knock.
(*Opens the door.*)

I told you so!—Your will.

Enter Stranger.

Stran. Seeing a light,
I e'en made bold to knock to ask for
shelter, .

For I have missed my way.

Emma. Whence come you, friend?

Stran. From Altorf.

Emma. Altorf! Any news from thence?

Stran. Ay! news to harrow parents' hearts, and make

The barren bless themselves that they are childless.

Emma. May heaven preserve my boy!

Melch. What says the news?

Stran. Art thou not Melchta—he whose eyes 'tis said

The tyrant has torn out?

Melch. Yes, friend, the same.

Stran. Is this thy cottage?

Melch. No; 'tis William Tell's.

Stran. 'Tis William Tell's?—and that's his wife?—Good night.

Emma. (*Rushing between him and the door.*) Thou stirr'st not hence until thy news be told.

Stran. My news? In sooth 'tis nothing thou wouldst heed.

Emma. 'Tis something none should heed so well as I!

Stran. I must be gone.

Emma. Thou seest a tigress, friend, Spoiled of her mate and young, and yearning for them.

Don't thwart her! Come, thy news.

What fear'st thou, man?

What more has she to dread who reads
thy looks

And knows the most has come? Thy
news—Is't bondage?

Stran. It is.

Emma. Thank heaven it is not
death!—Of one, or two?

Stran. Of two.

Emma. A father and a son,
Is't not?

Stran. It is.

Emma. My husband and my son
Are in the tyrant's power! There's
worse than that—

What's that is news to harrow parents'
breasts,

The which, the thought to only tell,
'twould seem,

Drives back the blood to thine? Thy
news, I say!

Wouldst thou be merciful—this is not
mercy.

Wast thou the mark, friend, of the bow-
man's aim,

Wouldst thou not have the fatal arrow
speed,

Rather than watch it hanging in the string ?

Thou'lt drive me mad ! Let fly at once.

Melch. Thy news from Altorf, friend, whate'er it is !

Stran. To save himself and child from certain death,

TELL is to hit an apple, to be placed Upon the stripling's head.

Melch. My child ! my child !—

Speak to me, stranger, hast thou killed her ?

Emma. No !

No, father, I'm the wife of William Tell ;

Oh, but to be a man ! to have an arm To fit a heart swelling with the sense of wrong—

Unnatural—insufferable wrong !

When makes the tyrant trial of his skill ?

Stran. To-morrow.

Emma. Spirit of the lake and hill, Inspire thy daughter ! On the head of him

Who makes his pastime of a mother's pangs,

Launch down thy vengeance by a mother's hand.

Know'st the signal when the hills shall
rise? (*To Melchtal.*)

Melch. Are they to rise?

Emma. I see thou knowest naught.

Stran. Something's on foot. 'Twas
only yesterday,

That, travelling from our canton, I
espied,

Slow toiling up a steep, a mountaineer
Of brawny limb, upon his back a load
Of faggots bound. Curious to see what
end

Was worthy of such labour, after him
I took the cliff, and saw its lofty top
Receive his load, which went but to
augment

A pile of many another.

Emma. 'Tis by fire!

Fire is the signal for the hills to rise!
(*Rushes out.*)

Melch. Went she not forth?

Stran. She did—she's here again,
And brings with her a lighted brand.

Melch. My child,

What dost thou with a lighted brand?
(*Re-enter Emma with a brand.*)

Emma. Prepare

To give the signal for the hills to rise.

Melch. Where are the faggots, child,
for such a blaze ?

Emma. I'll find the faggots, father.
(*Exit.*)

Melch. She gone again ?

Stran. She is—I think into her
chamber.

Emma. (*Rushing in.*) Father, the
pile is fired !

Melch. What pile, my child ?

Emma. The joists and rafters of our
cottage, father.

Melch. Thou hast not fired thy cot-
tage—but thou hast !

Alas ! I hear the crackling of the flames.

Emma. Say'st thou alas ! when I do
say, thank heaven ?

Father, this blaze will set the land
ablaze

With fire that shall preserve, and not
destroy it.

Blaze on ! blaze on ! Oh, may'st thou
be a beacon

To light its sons, enslaved, to liberty !

How fast it spreads ! A spirit's in the
fire !

It knows the work it does.—(*Goes to
the door.*)—The land is free !

Yonder 's another blaze !—Beyond that
shoots

Another up !—Anon will every hill
Redden with vengeance.—Father,
come ! whate'er

Betide us, worse, we're certain, can't
befall,

And better may ! Oh, be it liberty—
Safe hearths and homes, husbands and
children.—Come,

It spreads apace.—Blaze on ! blaze on !
blaze on !

Exeunt.

MARIUS AMIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes.—*Shakspear.*

I.

CARTHAGE! Where now thy beauty!
where, alas!

The pride of pageantry, thy pomp; and
where

Those mighty navies which had aw'd
the world?

Their flaunting sails are now for ever
furl'd!

Thy halls are desolate; the wiry grass
And weeds—the rankest—choke thy
pathways:—there

Sits moody Silence, pointing to the
skies,

With palsied tongue, with fix'd and
rayless eyes,

Where by the hand of everlasting
fame

Is traced, in living light, immortal Sci-
pio's name.

II.

Carthage ! within thy walls the lizard
dwells,
Where erst the cricket chirp'd ; and
the foul cells
Of squalid reptiles are discovered,
where
The sleek mouse had her dwelling.
The meek hare
Sits unaffrighted 'mid thy shatter'd
domes,
Where heroes once had fix'd their
noblest homes.
Amid thy ruins, vast and desolate,
No human creature wanders ; or but
one,
Alone,—a stern and solitary man,
Stern as the blacken'd rock he sits upon,
Harsher his spirit, and as dark as fate,
There on the fragment of a massy
stone
That, ere the fiercely-crackling flames
had riven
Its giant bulk look'd up, and laugh'd at
heav'n,
Perch'd like a vulture, ominous and
grim,
The very reptiles all avoiding him,

He sits, his moody reverie began,
Which stirr'd his heart to slaughter.—
There alone,
Houseless he sits, upon that rocky
throne,
His own appropriate emblem ; for the
flint
Could not more sternly brave the thun-
der's dint
Than his hard heart compassion's soft
appeal.
Amid the scene his dizzy senses reel
With thoughts too dire to utter.

III.

There he sits,
By whom the mighty Cimbri were
chastis'd,
As if his very soul were paralyz'd,
And yet his fierce eye glares in moody
fits
O'er the surrounding waste, as if he
view'd
His own state pictur'd in its solitude.
Dark and as still as night he sits alone,
Like a doom'd spirit, on that riven
stone.
And in his murkiness of mind, broods
o'er

Real or imagin'd wrongs, while o'er his
heart—

Thro' which the black blood bounds,
with fever'd start—

A thirst of vengeance steals, and at the
core

Parches and burns it up.—He looks
towards Rome,

The city of his pride, the warrior's
home:—

How diff'rent to the ruins round him
lying!

That city's rival once, which, now no
more,

Sends forth her barks to earth's remo-
test shore.

He looks towards Rome—imperial
Rome—defying

The wide world round her. Rome! he
looks towards thee,

While his heart throbs with inward
agony,

And from his eye revenge's hot streams
pour.

IV.

Soon the bark bears him o'er the waters
—soon

Joy, in the flood of woe, shall quench
her beams,

And her faint voice be drown'd in the
shrill screams
Of sanguinary slaughter.—Ere the
moon
Again shall fill her silver horns with
light,
The sun of happiness shall set in night.
Marius is nigh thee, Rome ! a heartless
son,
That, like the adder, loves to prey upon
The bowels of its parent.—Ah ! be-
ware !
The voice of carnage soon shall rend
the air—
Rome hears it now—she hears, with
mad surprise,
And glutted with her blood, the ruth-
less savage dies.

THE FORSAKEN CHILD.

LIE down in that low quiet bed,
 Thou weary care-worn child of clay,
 The earth's cold pillow props thy head,
 Thine eyes have closed on busy day;
 No sounds thy deafened ear can reach,
 No dreams thy aching brain perplex,
 Nor scornful eye, nor taunting speech,
 Thy meek and wounded spirit vex.

A heavy doom was thine to bear,
 No peace to hope, no rest to find,
 With none thy lot to sooth or share,
 Poor outcast of a world unkind!
 What hour of thy brief tearful life,
 From care, from bitterness was free?
 And now escaped the unequal strife,
 Blest sleeper, shall we weep for thee?

Oh! close the turf above her head,
 And hide her from the world's cold
 eyes,
 They shall not now profane the dead,
 Nor see how calm and still she lies.
 Come let us steal away, and bid
 These tears of selfish sorrow cease,
 And leave her here in darkness hid,
 To taste her new-found blessing—
 peace

OPHELIA.

A DIRGE,

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

SOFTLY to the earth restore,
One whom for an hour she gave ;
With gentle steps, as though ye bore
Virtue's self unto the grave ;
In this darkness, cold and deep,
Lay her silently to sleep.

Pilgrims to a vacant shrine,
O'er the desert slow we toil ;
Busy workers in a mine,
Reaping but the barren soil.
Care and grief besiege the breast,
Motion ever—never rest.

But this fairest girl hath won
Sleep that breeds no troubled dream,
And the earth we heap upon
Her virgin bosom, ne'er shall teem,
However bright before it fade,
With sweeter flower than here is laid.

Water blind and brooding ooze,
Which in silent death, conceive
Yielded back what now we lose,
In the dumb still ground to leave.
Never more while time shall be,
Earth, must she be raised from thee.

All the pleasure thou canst give,
All the bliss, thou tak'st away :
Springs still flowing while we live,
Lie frozen in that heart to-day.
Cold and dry may be their bed,
Yet warm as sunshine to the dead.

For virtue shall the mould perfume
With odours of her sacrifice,
And love shall shed his softest bloom
On the verdure where she lies—
And peace, the child of hope and
prayer,
Shall bend the knee, and worship
there.

SHE RECKS NOT OF FORTUNE.

A SONG.

SHE recks not of fortune, though high
her degree ;

She says she's contented with true
love and me ;

And the truth of her heart my fond rap-
ture describes

In the bloom of her blushes and light
of her eyes.

How fearful is love to the faithful
and young !

How trembles the heart, and how fal-
ters the tongue ;

While the soft rising sigh, and the
sweet springing tear,

Check the half-spoken vow and the
glance too sincere !

Her hand to my lips when at parting I
press,

And she bids me adieu with a timid
caress,

She glides off like a sun-beam pursued
by a cloud,

And I kiss every flower her dear foot-
steps have bowed.

As the fawn steals for play from the
still-feeding flock,
As darts the young hawk from his hold
in the rock,
So peeps forth my Lucy when none
are aware,
So flies her fond lover her ramble to
share.

We linger at noon by the rocks and
the coves
Where the slow-winding stream sleeps
in nooks which he loves,—
When the freshness of spring has been
mellowed by June,
And the parent-bird warbles a tenderer
tune.

We scarce talk of love,—she is scared
at the sound ;
But it breathes from the skies, and it
bursts from the ground :
Of whatever we talk, it is love that
we mean—
On whatever we look, it is love that is
seen.

J. F.

SCOT AND SCOTLAND.

EPISTLE TO GEORGE CATTERMOLE, ESQ.

AGAIN, upon my waking dream,
 Rise the gray cairn and lonely stream ;
 Lost voices to my ear return
 From many a long-forgotten urn :
 The night-wind, wailing sad and chill,
 Comes wildly from the desert hill ;
 O'er the dim heath the moon-beams
 creep
 To many a tumulary heap ;
 And gliding thus from tomb to tomb,
 Wander, like corpse-lights, through the
 gloom.

What forms are those, of dusty hue,
 That keep this mystic rendezvous ?
 From the gray cairn, the ruined tower,
 The sullen stream, the antique bower,
 From the poor hind's deserted bield,
 From yonder proud historic field,
 From hill, from plain, from rocky shore,
 From wold, and darkling wood, they
 pour,

From silent lake and lonely glen—
Who hath called up those shapes again?

Not mine the magic to compel
The past unto my wizard spell—
To me is given a heart alone
Responsive to the master tone ;
I pay no vows at nature's shrine
Save through her chosen priests divine ;
And thus, a lowly devotee,
I bow, dear Cattermole, to thee.

Wave then thy mystic wand, and
shower

Upon the page those tints of power,
To summon from their mouldering
grave

The fair, the faithful, and the brave.
Small though his portion in thine art,
Yet dull of eye, and dead of heart,
'Thy comrade on this spot would be,
To claim no fellowship with thee !
Threw not that cold and troubled sky
Its shadows o'er his infant eye ?
Climbed he not yonder mountain's side
In boyhood's joy, and boyhood's pride ?
Plunged he not in yon dusky main,
Deep as the wild duck, and again
Upbounding, shouted, shrill and brave,
Defiance to the stormy wave ?

Oh, many a weary league since then
I've wandered in the haunts of men :
Oh, many a land hath spread for me
Her fairest, richest canopy !
Oh, many a hand, in friendship's
grasp,
To mine hath given clasp for clasp !
Oh, many a bower, oh, many a grove,
Have listened to my notes of love !
Yet, exiled from my native strand,
Where have I found a sweeter land,
Or lovelier love, or truer hand ?
Onward I roved on foreign ground,
But no continuing city found.
An unweaned child—I could not rest
For thinking of my mother's breast :
A stranger and a pilgrim—I
Could find no other place to die
But ever turned a longing heart
To thee who wert, to thee who art,
In sun and shade, through good and ill
Scotland—my home—my country still

But not alone th' instinctive band
Which binds us to our native land—
Not on the wanderer's heart alone
Those fairy links of love are thrown ;
Thought, taste, and fancy on the side
Of holy nature are allied,

And art hath taught me to adore
The charms I only loved before.

Romantic Clyde ! beloved stream !
Thus rising on my lonely dream,
Thou seem'st a goddess of old song
To whom no traits of earth belong—
A spirit of beauty, whose bright eye
Doth rule the tides of poesy :
Thy circling hills, and waving woods,
Thy currents calm, and headlong
floods,
The rich winds o'er thy bosom straying,
The music in thy groves delaying,
Thy birds, and flowers, and whisper-
ing trees—
But exoteric symbols these :
While thou, the goddess' self, apart
Dwell'st in thy faithful votary's heart,
Each meaner feeling to refine,
To prompt and urge the headlong line,
To raise, console, sustain, and shower
High influence on his darkest hour.

And smile not, though so wild my
dream
When that fair river is the theme :
For every spot its banks around
To me, my friend, is haunted ground.

Time did not quench my youthful flame,
Nor slow and dull experience tame :
I saw not, drooping, day by day,
Or falling, one by one, away,
The fairy flowers, the visions high
That gleamed before my infant eye.
I saw not, stripped of leaf and tree,
The paradise that bloomed for me,
Till the bleak winds of life at last
Ran moaning o'er a barren waste.
Flung sudden on the ocean stream,
While yet in my first morning dream,
I saw the lost, the lovely land,
Recede, like some enchanted strand :
What marvel, then, if longing eye
I turned towards my native sky ?
What marvel if a sod so sweet
Ne'er blest the weary Ishmael's feet ?
What marvel if that mystic spot
Seemed heaven to the wandering Scot ?

Strange, how our superstitions twine,
Each with the next, until a line
They weave, that through each varied
stage
Runs on from infancy to age,
Linking the spring with summer wea-
ther,
And chaining youth and years together.

Thus did that nameless, shapeless
dread,
Which scared me on my cradled bed,
(An embryo terror, blank and dim,)
Resolve into the spectre grim :
Then paled the stars, then moaned the
breeze,
Then voices whispered in the trees,
And flitting lights the church-yard o'er,
And shapes that, beckoning, stalked
before,
And shrieks from forth the tumbling
flood,
Curdled so cold my boyhood's blood !

But these, when boyhood's courage
grew,
As if at cock-crow, sudden flew,
And in their stead a mystic band
Rise gloomy in the troubled land ;
O'er the new scene of fear preside
The hags that on the tempest ride ;
And wizards fling their potent spell
Over the world invisible.
Yet soon begins the sky to clear,
As waxeth fast the human year ;
To broomstick, witch, and warlock
fly,
Their latest ' whirs ' in distance die ;

Sinks in the ground th' unhallowed fire,
And with a hiss the flames expire.

Then smiles the scorched earth anew,
Then falls again the balmy dew,
Then flowers exhale their od'rous
breath

Where rose the noisome steams of
death,
And fountains run their margins o'er
Where the hell-cauldron hissed be-
fore.

No incantation, deep and strong,
The echoes of the Clyde prolong ;
But fairy harps, from bower and grove,
Awake the dulcet notes of love,
While fairy feet in mirthful dance,
Among the glancing moon-beams
glance ;

And fairy voices, swelling high,
Bear burden to the minstrelsy.

Not quite of fear my tremor tells,
Nor quite in faith my bosom swells,
When 'neath my wondering glance
there grow

The glories of that spectral show :
O'er my half-wakened heart I feel
A strange unwonted softness steal ;

My bosom heaves with aimless sighs,
And tears bedew my half-shut eyes.
Not all a dream ! not all a dream !
Mingling with that small beauty's
beam,

I see, and with a blush confess,
The traits of mortal loveliness :
Almost as bright, and tiny too,
Some lassie, with her eyes of blue,
Hath thus usurped, in face and mien,
The graces of the elfin queen !
O, fair delusion ! loved deceit !
Dear hast thou cost me, poisoned sweet !
With fiction still worse fiction blending,
In dreams begun, in falsehood ending

But hark ! a blast of battle-horn,
On Kempuck's midnight breezes borne
Comes sudden down thy lone hill side,
And wakes the echoes of the Clyde,
Which, starting at the hostile strain,
Answer that challenge back again ;
Not long my ear the sound retains,
Nor long the shadowy joust remains
To glad or grieve my boyish eye
With deeds of Elfin chivalry.
With sterner shades the air is thick—
Boils my young blood, my breath comes
quick ;

I see from many a hoary tomb
My country's ancient heroes come ;
From old historic fields afar,
The stately march of Scotland's war
Echoing o'er hill and moreland gray,
All feebler visions scares away.

And thus, dear comrade, did my mind
Its nurture, or its poison, find :
And thus, the flowery mazes past,
Did fiction lead to truth at last,
And fancy her wild garlands tie
O'er the stern brows of history.

Ask not of me the glance severe,
The learned frown, the caustic sneer,
When turning to my native land
' From wandering on a foreign strand.'
Like him, whose lore, from passion
gained,
Taught that the world two parts contained,
(Unknown the others, or forgot.)
' Where is my love, and where is not—
Two eras, even so, combine
To form this luckless life of mine :
One is the age of high romance,
Of haughty heart and daring glance ;

Of generous purpose, bold emprise,
And golden dreams, and cloudless
skies.

The other!—but depict for me
The age of dread reality,
Oh, ye mute witnesses—the eye
Tearless and cold,—the unconscious
sigh,

The scornful lip, the sinking heart,
The sleepless night, the frequent start,
The dark'ning frown, the smile uncouth,
The gray hairs on the brow of youth!

But, linked with all of good and bright,
These shores now bless the wanderer's
sight;

Who, turning from the darkened main,
Greets his lost paradise again.

Leave then to others, gifted mate,
The task of satire, envy, hate;
And wave thy mystic wand, and
shower

Upon the page those tints of power,
To summon from their mouldering
grave

The fair, the faithful, and the brave.

THE GANGES.

“On the morning we floated again upon the broad bosom of the Ganges, which was hourly widening as we approached Calcutta.—As I now call to my recollection the beauties of that magnificent river, I shall indulge myself, and, I trust, gratify the reader, by giving a poetical description of it from the pen of one of its own native bards.”—*Oriental Annual*.

GOLD river! gold river! how gallantly
 now
 Our bark on thy bright breast is lifting
 her prow!
 In the pride of her beauty how swiftly
 she flies,
 Like a white winged spirit through
 topaz-paved skies.

Gold river! gold river! thy bosom is
 calm,
 And o'er thee the breezes are shedding
 their balm;
 And nature beholds her fair features
 portrayed,
 In the glass of thy bosom serenely dis-
 played.

Gold river! gold river! the sun to thy
 waves
Is fleeting to rest in thy cool coral
 caves;
And thence, with his tiar of light, in
 the morn,
He will rise, and the skies with his
glory adorn.

Gold river! gold river! how bright is
 the beam
That lightens and crimsons thy soft
 flowing stream!
Whose waters beneath make a musical
 clashing,
Whose waves, as they burst, in their
brightness are flashing.

Gold river! gold river! the moon will
 soon grace
The hall of the stars with her light-
 shedding face;
The wandering planets will over thee
 throng,
And seraphs will waken their music
and song.

Gold river! gold river! our brief
course is done,

And, safe in the city, our home we
have won :
And as to the bright sun, now dropped
from our view,
So, Ganga, we bid thee a cheerful
adieu.

KASIPRASAD GHOSH.

MAISUNA.

Maisuna was the daughter of the tribe of Calab, remarkable for the number of poets it had produced. She was married, whilst very young, to the Khaliph Mowiah. But this exalted station by no means suited the disposition of Maisuna ; and amidst all the pomp and splendour of Damascus, she languished for the simple pleasures of her native desert.—*Landscape Annual.*

THE russet suit of camel's hair,
With spirits light and eye serene,
Is dearer to my bosom, far,
Than all the trappings of a queen.

The humble tent and murmuring
breeze,
That whistles through its fluttering
walls,

My unaspiring fancy please,
Better than towers and splendid halls.

Th' attendant colts that, bounding, fly,
And frolic by the litter's side,
Are dearer, in Maisuna's eye,
Than gorgeous mules in all their
pride.

The watch-dog's voice, that bays
whene'er
A stranger seeks his master's cot,
Sounds sweeter in Maisuna's ear
Than yonder trumpet's long drawn
note.

The rustic youth, unspoilt by art,
Son of my kindred, poor, but free,
Will ever to Maisuna's heart
Be dearer, pampered king, than thee.

RIO VERDE.

Associated with the scenery of the Rio Verde, is the exquisite ballad, so admirably adapted by the Bishop of Dromore, applying to the famous Alonzo d'Aguilar and his brave companions, in the vicinity of these lonely banks, ever bright and blooming, watered by the fresh, green-gemmed river.—*Landscape Annual*.

GENTLE river ! gentle river !

Lo, thy streams are stained with gore;
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willowed shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors
Joined in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain ;
Fatal banks ! that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory, died :

There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo, where yonder Don Saavedra
Through their squadrons slow re-
tires :
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado
Loudly shouts, with taunting cry,
"Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra"
Dost thou from the battle fly?

"Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I lived beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

"Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

"May our Prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine;
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank when I was thine."

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare ;
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero, full of fury,
Sends a deep and mortal wound ;
Instant sunk the renegado,
Mute and lifeless, on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay ;
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold, at length, the warrior lay.

Near him, fighting, great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands ;
From his slaughtered steed dismounted,
Firm intrenched behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage ;
Loss of blood at length enfeebles—
Who can war with thousands wage ?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
Close beneath its foot retired,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expired !

LAMENT OF THE POET SAVAGE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

“Savage was so touched by the discovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for several hours before her door, in hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window, or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand.”—*Johnson's Lives of the Poets.*

HAVE ye looked out across the wide
 green sea,
 With all its mountain billows raging
 round ;
 And gazing on it, gathered bitterly
 Unto yourselves the memory of the
 drowned ?
 While others, gazing with you, in
 that sound
 Heard nothing but the ocean's cease-
 less roar :—
 Have ye in every wave beheld a
 mound
 O'er one who hath no grave ; whence
 float to shore
 Fond, fancied words from him whose
 lips shall breathe no more ?

So, o'er my gaze, across the world's
wide sea,
Sad memory still her veil of dark
ness flings,
Dims with her clouds my soul's ful-
ecstasy,
And drieth up joy's gushing natural
springs.
So, though to others Time some
comfort brings,
For me it hath no voice,—no soothing
balm ;
Still wearily my spirit droops its
wings,
Shrinks sickening from the crowd-
awarded palm,
And yearns for one wrecked hope
which hath destroyed its calm.

Oh, to forget it! but for one bright
day—
An hour—a happy moment! oh! to
sleep
And dream not of it: to arise and say,
Lo, here is morning! and to feel no
deep
And sickening consciousness of cause
to weep,
Weigh down the waking soul: to smile
nor fear

The shades that round my couch
 their vigil keep,
Will haunt e'en then, and murmur in
 mine ear,
How canst thou smile, when we, the
 doubly lost, are near.

Blow, ye wild breezes, o'er my native
 hills :

Bend, ye wild flowers, beneath their
 gladsome breath :

Gush on in beauty, founts whose mu-
 sic fills

The voiceless air,—the taint of sin
 and death,

Th' eternal curse that all must bow
 beneath,

Rests not on you ! Forth on its endless
 quest

It sweeps o'er sunny bank and
 desolate heath,

To find a home within the human
 breast,

A feared, and loathed, and scorned,
 but never banished guest.

The beautiful things of earth ! how I
 have loved

To feel my spirit in its silent trance

When lone, but free, my eager foot-
steps roved :

With each new charm that met my
wandering glance :

The sky—the trees—the flowers—all
things which chance

Or my own seeking brought : but that
is past.

Never, oh ! never more my heart
shall dance,

Sending its crimson torrent, warm and
fast,

To veins whose rushing tide flows
cold and slow at last.

Deserted, scorned, abjured, ere yet I
knew

What such desertion was—my form,
my name,

My very being known but to a few,
And by those few remembered with
deep shame,

As an eternal blot upon the fame
Of those who, fearing not to sin, did yet
Fear the upbraiding eyes whose
scorn could tame

Proud hearts, that quailed at every
glance they met,

And having loved in sin, could nature's
love forget.

Thus rose life's faint and clouded light
to me ;

And yet I had a heart, whose fer-
vent love,

Whose power to suffer all things pa-
tiently—

Whose boundless hope that still for
mastery strove,

In value might have proved itself
above

The sacrifice affection made to fear.

But never may that heart its fond-
ness prove :

Mine is the bitter disregarded tear,

The blight which wastes the soul from
weary year to year.

Mother unknown, but not the less
adored,

How hath my soul gone forth in
search of thine !

How hath my wild and eager spirit
poured,

In its lone watchings on the face di-
vine

Of heaven's blue midnight, prayers
that might incline

The powers above to hush this pas-
sionate storm

Of ruined hopes, and bid me cease
to pine
With feverish longing for thy fancied
form,
Quelling within my heart its never-
dying worm.

What wild, far thoughts—what unre-
corded dreams
Of thy bright beauty—of thy gushing
tears—
When, in forsaking me, some dying
gleams
Of tenderness—some faint half-bu-
ried fears
Of what might be my fate in after
years,
Awoke within thy soul, and bade thee
weep,
Shrouding the pained and heavy
eyes which gazed
On thy deserted infant's quiet sleep—
Across my lonely heart have learnt at
times to sweep!

How have I prayed to Him, the Holy
One,
Who still hath guarded thy forsaken
child,

To lead my steps where thine before
 had gone,
And let me feed my soul with visions
 wild,
Of how thine eyes had looked—thy
 lips had smiled :
To leave me even renounced—abjured
 by thee,
Beneath th' illumined lattice, where,
 beguiled
By present thoughts and feelings, si-
 lently
Thou dwellest now, without one wan-
 dering thought of me.

That I might see thy shadow in that
 room
Glide to and fro upon the marble
 wall,
And from my station in night's circling
 gloom,
Watch thee, and dream I heard thy
 footsteps fall
Lightly in that (to me) forbidden
 hall :
Conjure thy low sweet voice by fancy's
 art,
Shed wild and burning tears unseen
 by all

Whose chilling gaze forbid those drops
to start,
And feel a strange joy swell within
my rapturous heart.

Oh, mother! youth is vanished from
thy life,

The rose of beauty faded from thy
cheek;

Little to thee this world of guilt and
strife,

Thy fame—men's scorn—are sha-
dows faint and weak:

And yet thou wilt not let me hear
thee speak

Words frozen back by woman's strug-
gling pride:

Thou wilt not let me in thy bosom
seek

The rest for which my heart hath
vainly sighed;

This—this was all I asked—and this
thou hast denied!

Lone hath my life been: lone, and
very sad:

And wasted is the form thou wouldst
not know:

And some have cursed, and some have
deemed me mad,
And sorrow hath drawn lines upon
my brow.
Ah! who would cheer me half so
well as thou?
Who could so soothe my feverish
dreams of pain?
Yet never for my sake thy tears shall
flow.
Unheard, unheeded, still must I com-
plain,
And to the hollow winds pour forth my
woe in vain.

THE WANDERING WIND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE wind, the wandering wind
Of golden summer eves!
Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tones among the leaves?

Oh, is it from the waters,
Or from the long, tall grass ?
Or is it from the hollow rocks,
Through which its breathings pass ?

Or is it from the voices
Of all in one combined,
That it wins the tone of mastery ?
The wind, the wandering wind !

No, no ! the strange sweet accents
That with it come and go,
They are not from the osiers,
Or the fir-trees, whispering low.

They are not of the river,
Nor of the caverned hill :
'Tis the human love within us
That gives them power to thrill.

They touch the links of memory
Around our spirits twined,
And we start and weep and tremble,
To the wind, the wandering wind !

LINES,

BY CHARLES VERRALE, ESQ.

THE setting sun ! the setting sun ! how
 gorgeous in the west,
 O'er canopied in golden clouds, it
 proudly sinks to rest.
 A blaze of fleeting glory gilds the sky,
 the land, the sea :
 How lovely, yet how full of sad and
 solemn thought to me !

It speaks of cheerful daylight past, of
 darkness hastening on ;
 It brings to mind the gladsome hours
 that now, alas, are gone !
 It tells of youth departing fast, of health
 how soon decayed ;
 Of hopes that blossomed like the
 flowers—that blossomed but to
 fade !

It tells of mirth to sadness changed, of
 pleasure turned to pain,
 Of joy that glittered in our path, that
 now we seek in vain.

It tells of beaming happiness in moody
murmuring lost,
Of fervent friendship waxing cold, of
fond affection crost !

It tells of love, triumphant love, that
makes the heart his throne,
Then leaves his victim desolate, de-
serted, and alone.
It tells of those we dearly prized, whose
loss we now deplore ;
It tells that we ourselves shall set, and
weep our friends no more.

LINES,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HELITROPE.

*E così la Belta**Rapidissimamente, oh Dio ! Sen va.—Lemene.*

THE rose upon her cheek was red ;
And on its faithless tint relying,
Though languor came and vigour fled,
We little dreamt that she was dying

We bore her to the Tuscan shore,
Where Arno rolls—a stream of glad-
ness :
But Alps and Ocean traversed o'er
Still added sorrow to our sadness.

Yet long, unblanched, upon her cheek
The rose of England loved to linger ;
But well the hectic's glowing streak
Told where decay had set her finger.

Devoted beauty ! days went by—
Sad days ! that but matured the
canker,
Yet found her still with cloudless eye,
Like Hope, reposing on her anchor !

So when autumnal suns arise,
And nature's radiant form is lightest,
The leaf is clothed in richest guise,
And withers while the tint is
brightest.

THE FALLEN LIME TREE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

OH, joy of the peasant! oh, stately
 lime!
 Thou art fallen in thy golden honey
 time;
 Thou whose wavy shadows,
 Long and long ago,
 Screened our grey forefathers
 From the noontide's glow;
 Thou, beneath whose branches,
 Touched with moonlight gleams,
 Lay our early poets
 Wrapt in fairy dreams—
 Oh, tree of our fathers! oh, hallowed
 tree!
 A glory is gone from our home with
 thee.

Where shall now the weary
 Rest through summer eves?
 Or the bee find honey,
 As on thy sweet leaves.
 Where shall now the ringdove
 Build again her nest—

She, so long the inmate
Of thy fragrant breast ?
But the sons of the peasant have lost
in thee
Far more than the ringdove, far more
than the bee.

These may yet find coverts,
Leafy and profound,
Full of dewy dimness,
Odour, and soft sound :
But the gentle memories
Clinging all to thee,
When shall they be gathered
Round another tree ?
Oh, pride of our fathers ! oh, hallowed
tree !
The crown of the hamlet is fallen in
thee

SONNET.

BY R. F. HOUSEMAN.

OH! there is music in my heart to-night,
 Sweeter than lapsing river-waters
 when
 They weave their circling spells in
 secret glen,
 Darkling and peaceful:—Silently, the
 light
 Of a dead happiness goes gleaming
 bright
 Before my eyes—how beautiful! and
 now,
 The dream-touched radiance of a
 stainless brow,
 Shines out amid the dimness, pale and
 white!
 Most gentle vision!—Thou art she with
 whom
 Erewhile I plucked from youth's
 full-foliaged tree
 Hope's perishing buds, and love's deli-
 cious bloom!

Wherefore thus brought, in wakeful
fantasy,
To mock the spirit's loneliness?—
Ah, me,
What spell hath triumphed o'er the
envious tomb?

NIGHT.

BY MRS. NORTON.

NIGHT sinks upon the dim grey wave,
Night clouds the spires that mark
the town :
On living rest and grassy grave,
The shadowy night comes slowly
down.
And now the good and happy rest,
The wearied peasant calmly sleeps,
And closer to its mother's breast
The rosy child in slumber creeps.

But I!—The sentry, musing lone—
The sailor, on the cold grey sea,
So sad a watch hath never known,
As that which must be kept by me.

I cannot rest, thou solemn night !

Thy very silence hath the power
To conjure sounds and visions bright,
Unseen, unheard, in daylight's hour.

Kind words, whose echo will not stay,
Memory of deep and bitter wrongs,
Laughter, whose sound hath died away,
And snatches of forgotten songs ;
These haunt my soul ; and as I gaze
Up to the calm and quiet moon,
I dream 'tis morning's breeze that plays,
Or sunset hour, or sultry noon.

I hear again the voice whose tone
Is more to me than music's sound ;
And youthful forms for ever gone
Come, in their beauty, crowding
round.

I start—the mocking dreams depart.
Thy loved words melt upon the air,
And whether swells or sinks my heart,
Thou dost not know—thou dost not
care !

Perchance while thus I watch unseen,
Thy languid eyelids slowly close,
Without a thought of what hath been,
To haunt thee in thy deep repose.

Oh, weary night—oh, endless night,
Blank pause between two feverish
days,
Roll back your shadows, give me light,
Give me the sunshine's fiercest
blaze !

Give me the glorious noon ! alas !
What reck's it by what light I pray,
Since hopeless hours must dawn and
pass,
And sleepless night succeed to day ?
Yet, cold and blue and quiet sky,
There is a night where all find rest
A long, long night.—With those who
die,
Sorrow hath ceased to be a guest !

A SONG OF THE ROSE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Hast thou no fears ? oh thou exulting
 thing,
 Thus looking forth on life ! Is there no
 spell
 In the strong wind to tame thee ? Thou
 hast yet
 To learn harsh lessons from the change-
 ful hours,
 And bow thy stately head submissively
 Unto a heavy touch : for here, bright
 shape !
 Thy resting place is not.

ROSE, what dost thou here ?
 Bridal, royal Rose !
 How, midst grief and fear,
 Canst thou thus disclose
 That fervid hue of love which to thy
 heart-leaf glows ?

Rose, too much arrayed
 For triumphal hours,

Look'st thou through the shade
Of these mortal bowers,
Not to disturb my soul ? thou crowned
one of all flowers.

As an eagle soaring
Through a sunny sky,
As a clarion pouring
Strains of victory,
So dost thou kindle thoughts, for
earthly doom too high.

Thoughts of rapture, flushing
Youthful poet's cheek ;
Thoughts of glory, rushing
Forth in song to break,
But finding the spring-tide of rapid
song too weak.

Yet, oh festal Rose,
I have seen thee lying
In thy bright repose,
Pillowed with the dying,
Thy crimson by the lip whence life's
quick blood was flying.

Summer, Life, and Love,
O'er that bed of pain,

Met in thee, yet wove
Too, too frail a chain
In its embracing links the lovely to
detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower
Oh! within the spells
Of thy beauty's power,
Something dimly dwells
At variance with a world of sorrows
and farewells!

All the soul, forth flowing
With that rich perfume,
All the proud life, glowing
In that radiant bloom,
Have they no place but here, beneath
th' o'ershadowing tomb?

Crown'st thou but the daughters
Of our tearful race?
Heaven's own purest waters
Well might wear the trace
Of thy consummate form, melting to
softer grace?

Will that clime enfold thee
With immortal air?

Shall we not behold thee,
Bright and deathless, there,
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendantly
more fair ?

Yes, my fancy sees thee
In that light disclose,
And its dream thus frees thee
From the mist of woes,
Darkening thine earthly bowers, oh
bridal, royal Rose !

SUMMER.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

THE spring's fair promise melted into
thee,
Fair summer, and thy gentle reign is
here :
Thy emerald robes are on each heavy
tree,
In the blue sky thy voice is rich and
clear ;
And the free brooks have songs to
bless thy reign—
'They leap in music 'midst thy bright
domain.

The gales that wander from the un-
bounded west,
Are burthened with the breath of
countless fields :
They teem with incense from the green
earth's breast,
That up to heaven its grateful odour
yields,
Bearing sweet hymns of praise from
many a bird,
By nature's aspect into rapture stirred.

In such a scene, the sun illumined
heart
Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow
cell,
When through its bars the morning
glories dart,
And forest anthems in his hearing
swell :
And like the heaving of the voiceless
sea,
His panting bosom labours to be free.

'Thus, gazing on thy void and sapphire
sky,
Oh, Summer ! in my inmost soul
arise

Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods
 reply,
And the bland air with its soft melodies,
Till, basking in some vision's glorious
 ray,
I long for eagle's plumes to flee away.

I long to cast this cumbrous clay aside,
And the impure, unholy thoughts
 that cling
To the sad bosom torn with care and
 pride :—
I would soar upward on unfettered
 wing,
Far through the chambers of the peaceful
 skies,
Where the high fount of summer's
 brightness lies.

THE SUN AND MOON

FROM THE GERMAN OF EBERT.

Moon.—OH, Sun! ere thou closest thy
 glorious career,
 (And brilliant thy wide course has
 been,)
 Delay and recount to my listening ear,
 The things which on earth thou hast
 seen.

Sun.—I saw, as my daily course I ran,
 The various labours of busy man;
 Each project vain, each emprise high,
 Lay open to my searching eye.
 I entered the peasant's lowly door,
 I shone on the student's narrow floor,
 I gleamed on the sculptor's statue pale,
 And on the proud warrior's coat of
 mail;
 I shed my rays in the house of prayer,
 On the kneeling crowds assembled
 there;
 In gilded hall and tapestried room,
 And cheered the dark cold dungeon's
 gloom:

With joy in happy eyes I shone,
And peace bestowed where joy was
gone.

In tears upon the face of care,
In pearls that decked the maiden's
hair,—

I shone on all things, sad and fair.
But few the eyes that turned to
heaven

In gratitude for blessings given ;
As on the horizon's verge I hung,
No hymn or parting lay was sung.

Moon.—Thou risest in glory—my jour-
ney is o'er ;

Alternate our gifts we bestow ;
Yet seldom behold we the hearts that
adore

The source whence all benefits flow.

Sun.—Thou comest, oh moon, with thy
soft-beaming light,

To shine where my presence has
been ;

Then tell me, I pray thee, thou fair
queen of night,

What thou in thy travels hast seen.

Moon.—I shone on many a pillowed
head,
On greensward rude, and downy bed ;
I watched the infant's tranquil sleep,
Composed to rest so calm and deep ;
The murderer, in his fearful dream,
Woke, starting at my transient gleam.
I saw, across the midnight skies,
Red flames from burning cities rise ;
And where, 'mid foaming billows' roar,
The vessel sank to rise no more—
I heard the drowning sailor's cry
For succour, when no help was nigh.
On mountain path, and forest glade,
The lurking robber's ambushade,
I shone : and on the peaceful grave
Where sleep the noble and the brave,
To each and all my light I gave :
And as my feebler silver ray
Vanished before the dawn of day
In vain I lent my willing ear,
One word of gratitude to hear.

Sun.—We still travel onward our task
to fulfil,
Till time shall be reckoned no more ;
When all shall acknowledge the sove-
reign will,
That made them to love and adore.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROTHSAY
CASTLE STEAMBOAT.* 1831.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

UNKNOWN ! unclaimed ! tossed, as with
other weeds,
To silent earth, and what heart feels
or heeds ?
And yet, perchance, these torn chill
ashes were
To kindred bosoms exquisitely dear.
Perchance ! Ah, surely never yet on
earth,
Lived one uncherished from his very
birth :
No, this pale dust hath once most pre-
cious been,
In eyes that viewed not life's last
frenzying scene ;
When the fierce rushing night brought
dread and death,
Stifling the latest prayer and latest
breath.

* Two beautiful sisters were lost in the Rothsay
Castle.

Now the cold sea to the cold earth re-
turns
These relics wan, o'er which no fond
one mourns !
The stranger on their stranger tene-
ments
Casts a sad gaze, and momentarily la-
ments ;
Then, with a sorrowing mien, he turns
away,
With hurrying steps, to leave th' un-
shrouded clay.
Yet, stranger, turn again. Hast thou
not known
What 'tis to love a something all thine
own ?
Give to these hapless ones a few meek
tears,
Lost in the beauty of their golden years.
Look on these pale forms, these broken
flowers,
Once bright as rosebuds in spring's
vernal hours :
Adopt these desolate orphans of the
grave,
Bear them afar from the dull moaning
wave :
Gather with kind and reverential hands

Their sacred ashes from the tide-worn
sands ;
Consign them to some calm unstormy
tomb,
Where broods a tender and a tearful
gloom ;
Where breathes no tempest gust to
shake their rest—
But south winds sweep the green
sward's flow'ring breast.
Oh ! how unlike their death-bed—yon
mad sea—
Where all was awe and conquering
agony !
Yet if high Love and heavenly Faith
were there,
Thou wert expelled, wert exiled
thence, Despair.
If that same Love that tamed the
storms of old,
The Love almighty, breathed where
thunders rolled,
Oh, how the tempests in their hearts
were stilled !
The heaven and earth to those wild
terrors thrilled :
Softer than warblings of the mother
dove

Pierced through their souls the whis-
perings of that love.
Oh ! let us hope, ye fair and nameless
dead,
Deep blessings o'er your fearful doom
were shed ;
And that 'twas given to ye, when
doomed to part,
To die soul linked in soul, and heart
to heart,
With your beloved ones ! blessed even
thus to share
That hour's immeasurable hope or fear.

AND I TOO IN ARCADIA.

BY MRS. HEMANS

A celebrated picture by Poussin, represents a band of youths and maidens suddenly coming upon a tomb which bears the inscription " Et in Arcadia Ego."

They have wandered in their glee
With the butterfly and bee,
They have climbed o'er heathery
swells,
They have wound through forest
dells.

Mountain moss hath felt their tread,
Woodland streams their way have
 led!

Flowers in deepest Oread nooks,
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,
Unto them have yielded up
Fragrant bell and starry cup;
Chaplets are on every brow;
What hath stayed the wanderers
 now?

Lo a grey and rustic tomb
Bowered amidst the rich wood
 gloom,
Whence those words their stricken bo-
soms melt—

“I too, shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt!”

There is many a summer sound
That pale sepulchre around;
Through the shade young birds are
 glancing,

Insect wings in sun-streaks danc-
 ing,

Glimpses of blue festal skies
Pouring in when soft winds rise:
Violets o'er the turf below
Shedding out their warmest glow;
Yet a spirit not its own
O'er the greenwood now is thrown!

Something of an under note
Through its music seems to float,
Something of a stillness grey
Creeps across the laughing day,
Something from those old words felt—
“I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt!”

Was some gentle kindred maid
In that grave with dirges laid?
Some fair creature with the tone
Of whose voice a joy is gone,
Leaving melody and mirth
Poorer on this altered earth?
Is it thus? that so they stand,
Dropping flowers from every hand;
Flowers, and lyres, and gather'd
store
Of red wild-fruit, prized no more?
No, from that bright band of morn
Not one link hath yet been torn;
'Tis the shadow of the tomb,
Falling thus o'er summer's bloom,
O'er the flush of love and life,
Passing with a sudden strife:
'Tis the low, prophetic breath
Rising from the house of death,
Which thus whispers, those glad hearts
to melt—
“I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt!”

INFANCY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WOMAN'S LOVE."

How beautiful is infancy !
 The bud upon the tree,
 With all its young leaves folded yet,
 Is not so sweet to me.
 How day-like a young mother looks
 Upon the lovely thing,
 And from its couch, at her approach,
 How rosy sleep takes wing.

O this makes morning's toilette-hour
 So beautiful to see ;
 Her rising wakens all young things,
 The babe, the bird, the bee.
 The infant sun-beams, from the clouds
 That curtain their blue bed,
 Peep forth, like little ones that fear
 Lest darkness be not fled ;
 Till morn assures them, and they wave
 Their saffron wings, and take
 The rapture of their rosy flight,
 O'er lea, and lawn, and lake ;
 Gladd'ning the glowing butterflies
 That float about like flowers,

And the bee abroad on busy wing
To seek the budding bowers ;
And breezes upsprung from the sea,
And hurrying o'er the hills,
Brushing the bright dewes as they pass,
And rippling all the rills.

But, infancy ! sweet infancy !
Thou'rt sweeter than all these,
Than bird, or bee, or butterfly,
Or bower, or beam, or breeze,
Far sweeter is thy blooming cheek,
Thine eyes all bland and bright,
Thy mouth, the rosy cell of sound,
With thy budding teeth all white ;
Thy joyous sports, thy jocund glee,
Thy gushes of glad mirth,
The clapping of thy rosy hands,
Thou merriest thing on earth !
Thou gift of Heaven—thou promise
plant—
On earth, in air, or sea,
There's nothing half so priceless, or
So beautiful as thee !

PARIS

ON THE MORNING OF LOUIS THE SIX-
TEENTH'S EXECUTION.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. HEMANS, FROM THE
BASVIGLIANA, THE MOST CELEBRATED
POLITICAL POEM OF MONTI.

Hugh Basville, envoy of the French Revolutionary Government, was put to death at Rome by the Pope for an attempt to excite sedition. The subject of Monti's poem is the condemnation of Basville's spirit to traverse France, under the guidance of a chastising angel, and contemplate the misfortunes and reverses to which he has contributed. He is supposed to enter Paris, with his immortal guide, at the moment preceding the execution of Louis XVI.

THE air was heavy, and the brooding
 skies
Looked fraught with omens, as to har-
 monize
With his pale aspect. Through the
 forest round
Not a leaf whisper'd, and the only
 sound

That broke the stillness, was a stream-
let's moan,
Murmuring amidst the rocks with plain-
tive tone,
As if a storm within the woodland
bowers
Were gathering. On they moved, and
lo! the towers
Of a far city nearer now they drew,
And all reveal'd expanding on their
view,
The Babylon, the scene of crimes and
woes—
Paris, the guilty, the devoted, rose.

* * * *

In the dark mantle of a cloud arrayed,
Viewless and hush'd, the angel and the
shade
Enter'd that evil city. Onward passed
The heavenly being first, with brow
o'ercast,
And troubled mien; while in his glo-
rious eyes
Tears had obscured the splendour of
the skies.
Pale with dismay, the trembling spirit
saw
That altered aspect, and in breathless
awe

Marked the strange silence round.
The deep-toned swell
Of life's full tide was hush'd ; the sacred bell,
The clamorous anvil, mute : all sounds
were fled
Of labour or of mirth, and in their
stead
Terror and stillness ! boding signs of
woe--
Inquiring glances, rumours whisper'd
low ;
Questions half uttered, jealous looks
that keep
A fearful watch around ; and sadness
deep,
That weighs upon the heart ; and
voices heard
At intervals, in many a broken word ;
Voices of mothers, trembling as they
press'd
Th' unconscious infant closer to their
breast,
Voices of wives, with fond imploring
cries,
And the wild eloquence of tears and
sighs,
On their own thresholds striving to de-
tain

Their fierce impatient lords ; but weak
and vain
Affection's gentle bonds ; in that dread
hour
Of fate and fury, love hath lost his
power,
For evil spirits are abroad—the air
Breathes of such influence: Druid phan-
toms there,
Fired by that thirst for victims which
of old
Raged in their bosoms fierce and un-
controll'd,
Rush, in ferocious transport, to survey
The deepest crime that e'er hath
dimin'd the day.
Blood, human blood, hath stained their
vests and hair,
On the winds tossing with a sanguine
glare,
Scattering red showers around them.
Flaming brands,
And serpent scourges, in their ruthless
hands
Are wildly shaken ; others lift on high
The steel, the envenom'd bowl, and
hurrying by
With touch of fire contagious fury dart
Through mortal veins, fast kindling to
the heart.

Then comes the rush of crowds! re-
strained no more,
Fast from each house the frenzied in
mates pour;
From every heart affrighted mercy
flies,
While her soft voice amidst the tumult
dies.
Then the earth trembles, as from street
to street
The tramp of steeds, the press of has-
tening feet,
The roll of wheels, all mingled in the
breeze,
Come deepening onward, as the swell
of seas
Heard at dead midnight; or the sullen
moan
Of gathering storms, or hollow boding
tone
Of far off thunder. *Then* what anguish
press'd,
O wretched Basville! on thy guilty
breast.
What pangs were thine, then fated to
behold
Death's awful banner to the wind un-
roll'd!
To see the axe, the scaffold raised on
high,

The dark impatience of the murderer's
eye,
Eager for crime! And he, the great,
the good,
Thy martyr-king, by men athirst for
blood,
Dragg'd to a felon's death! yet still his
mien
'Midst that wild throng, is loftily se-
rene,
And his step falters not! oh hearts un-
moved!
Where have you borne your monarch?
he who loved—
Loved you so well! Behold the sun
grows pale,
Shrouding his glory in a tearful veil.
The misty air is silent as in dread,
And the dim sky with shadowy gloom
o'erspread,
While saints and martyrs, spirits of the
blest,
Look down all weeping from their
bowers of rest.

* * * *

In that dread moment, to the fatal
pile
The kingly victim came, and raised the
while

His patient glance, with such an aspect
 high,
So firm, so calm in holy majesty,
That e'en the assassin's heart one instant shook
Before the might of that ascendant
 look,
And a strange thrill of pity, half re-
 new'd,
Stirr'd through the bosom of the multi-
 tude.

* * * *

Like him who, breathing mercy to the
 last,
Pray'd till the bitterness of death was
 past,
Ev'n for his murderers prayed, in that
 dark hour
When his soul yielded to affliction's
 power,
And the wind bore his dying cry
 abroad—
“*Hast thou forsaken me, my God, my
 God ?*”
E'en thus the monarch stood ; *his* prayer
 arose,
Thus calling down forgiveness on his
 foes ;

“To thee my spirit I commend,” he
cried,—
“And my lost people ; Father, be their
guide !”

* * * *

But the sharp steel descends : the blow
is given,
And answered by a thunder-peal from
heaven ;
Earth, stained with blood, convulsive
terror owns,
And her kings tremble on their distant
thrones.

A LAMENT

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. CAMPBELL,
YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF COL. HAR-
VEY, EDINBURG CASTLE.

Our bright hopes have vanished—her
young heart is broken !
Her pale lips are closed, and their last
words are spoken
Dissolved all the fond ties so lately that
bound her,
And blighted each joy that seemed
ripening around her !

Could the tears of thy kindred—the
 husband who shared
All thy heart, and thy hopes, and thy
 life, but have spared
Thy being's brief loveliness! how had
 they striven
To retard but one hour the stern man-
 date of heaven!
In vain! for death's signet sat pale on
 thy brow,
And their hopes, one by one, fell like
 leaves from the bough!
Thou hast passed from our eyes, like a
 bright summer cloud
From thy brief happy day—from thy
 home to thy shroud!
When thy days were the sweetest, thy
 young hopes the highest,
And the goal of earth happiness glim-
 mer'd the nighest,
With the rose on thy cheek, and thy
 forehead so fair,
Unwasted by sorrow, unfurrowed by
 care!
In an hour that announced thee a
 mother! then drew
The dark veil of death 'twixt thy child
 and thy view!

.

Thou art gone ! But the tempest that
 levell'd the tree,
One tendril has spared to remind us of
 thee.
Remind us ! what pain as we dwell on
 the word !
Again thy loved accents in her's will
 be heard ;
Affection will cling to the treasure be-
 queathed,
And tell her, long hence, where thy
 last words were breathed !

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY DR. R. MADDEN.

THE sea was smooth, and bright the
 shore,
A cloudless sky above,
But frail the little bark that bore
 A mother's freight of love !

It danced upon the morning tide,
And mocked a mother's fears ;
An object of a moment's pride—
 A subject soon of tears.

The sun is gone, the sky is dark,
The sea is ruffled o'er,
Ah, me! where is that little bark
That left the joyous shore?

It meets no more the longing eye,
It may no more return;
The night is past, no bark is nigh;
The mourner's left forlorn.

Yet weep not, though it meet no more
Thy gaze on yonder sea,
Another and a brighter shore—
Is smiling on its lee.

Another, and a brighter port
Is now its peaceful home
Where wail or woe, or earthly sort
Of care can never come!

THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

Not in the noise, the tumult, and the
crowd,

Did the Arch-tempter spread his
snares for THEE :

There he might hope to catch the
vain, the proud,

The selfish ;—all who bend the will-
ing knee

To pageants which the world hath
deified,

Seeking from such their pleasure and
their pride.

But THOU, who, even in thy tarriance
here,

Didst bear about Thee tokens of the
high

And holy influence of thy primal
sphere,

Stamping thy manhood with Di-
vinity !

Who, in the world, wert still not *OF*
it—Thou,
He could not hope, unto its spells
would'st bow.

Therefore he sought and found Thee—
in the gloom
Of the vast wilderness, perchance
employed
In meditating on man's hapless doom;
Who but for sin had still in peace
enjoyed
The bliss of Eden, ere the serpent's
thrall
Had wrought our earliest parents' fa-
tal fall.

But vain the tempter's power and art!
Though spent
With long, lone fasting in that desert
drear,
Thou, in thy Deity omnipotent,
As man—from human crimes and
follies clear,
Wert still *temptation-proof*, from frailty
free:
HE left—and ANGELS ministered to
Thee!

Oh! then, as Eden, when by sin de-
 filed,
 Was Paradise no more, THY PRE-
 SENCE made
 A brief Elysium in the desert wild,
 And more than sunshine pierced its
 matted shade ;
 Its darkest depths by heavenly hosts
 were trod,
 And the rude wilderness confessed its
 GOD!

THE GRAVES OF HINDOSTAN.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

WHEN the coming shadows rest,
 (A welcome sight) on India's plains,
 And o'er the brightly glowing west
 The sun has flung his amber stains—
 When the tired Golier* drops his oar,
 And nears his light bark to the shore—
 When the rich odorous scent that dwells
 Amid the banbool's golden cells,

* One of the principal boatmen, who stands at the
 prow with an oar, sounding, as the vessel passes
 through shallow water.

Moved by the gale's soft witcheries,
Comes stealing out in balmy sighs—
When, glancing in the sloping beam,
Pearl-like, or bright with emerald
gleam,
The rice birds and the paroquets
Across the golden ether sweep;
And lamps from distant minarets,
And groves begemmed with fire-
flies, peep—
When the pagoda's silvery bell
The near approach of eve doth tell—
How gladly then the eye reposes,
Dazzled with noontide's fiery blaze,
Upon the scene which she discloses,
Beneath her mild, attempered rays!
How gladly then the prisoned feet
Seek out some green and cool retreat!
Long in the cabined budgerow pent,
We track the river's winding shore;
Or, springing from the sultry tent,
The broad expanse around explore
And both are beautiful—the tanks
Are brimming o'er their flower-
wreathed banks,
Reflecting, in their glassy lakes,
The tangled jungle's leafy brakes,
The tall mosque's pinnacled minars,
And heaven's bright host of countless
stars;

While 'neath the river's towering cliffs,
 Whose sunlit points in splendour
 glow,
 A fairy fleet of graceful skiffs
 Dance with the dancing current's
 flow.

Whene'er through copse and flowery
 glade,
 In the cool evening air I've strayed,
 However bright and richly fraught
 The varied scene before me spread,
 My wandering footsteps still have
 sought
 The quiet mansions of the dead—
 The scattered graves where Moslems
 lie,
 Enshrined within their massy tombs,
 Beneath some tall tree's canopy,
 Which mantles o'er their sacred
 homes :
 And not those crowded charnels,
 where
 A sickening taint infects the air,
 And o'er each dark and loathsome
 grave
 Earth's rankest weeds delight to wave :
 Where from the boughs of mournful
 trees,

The vulture snuffs the plague-fraught
breeze ;
And where the prowling jackalls lurk,
'Mid crumbling bones and ruins grey,
And hasten to their filthy work,
With the first fall of parting day.
How many saddening feelings rise
Within these gloomy cemet'ries !
How many thoughts oppress the heart,
Where, early doomed, an exiled band,
From their paternal homes apart,
Lie buried in a heathen land,*
Unwept, unhonoured, and unknown
Perchance without a stone to trace
The mound so desolate and lone,
Above their gloomy dwelling-place.
Far different is the Moslem's lot
Beneath his own bright dazzling
skies ;
In some romantic, chosen spot,
Circled with cheerful scenes, he lies:
And there the lamp is duly fed,
When evening's dusky shades ap-
pear,

* The Moosaulmaun population of India bears a very small proportion to that of the Hindoo ; and Mohammed's creed is so corrupted, that it is little removed from idolatry.

And wreaths of bright-leaved flow'rets
shed

Upon the consecrated bier.

From the proud Mausoleum's walls,

Where mighty Acbar's cold remains
Repose within the marble halls,

The palace-tomb of Agra's plains—

To the small Musjeed's* lowly porch,

Flames out at eve the signal torch ;

And, where a true believer sleeps,

Some brother's hand, with pious care,
The cumbered earth around him
sweeps,

And plucks the dark grass gathering
there.

Oh ! since beyond the western wave

I may not hope to find a grave,

Nor yield my parting spirit up,

Where springs the glittering butter-
cup,

And daisies lend their silvery shrouds,

And violets mourn in purple clouds :

* A temple—a form in which Moosaulmaan tombs are often built ; they are generally to be found in picturesque situations, sometimes in the centre of a garden, and few are without the lamp, often fed by the hands of strangers.

Where the green moss is overspread,
In spring-time, with the primrose
pale,
And the red wall-flower lifts its head,
And sheds its sweets on autumn's
gale ;—
Where 'mid bleak winter's chilling
gloom,
The scarlet-berried hollies bloom ;
Where, at the flush of early morn,
The lark his thrilling matin sings,
And evening's vesper hymns are borne,
In soft and fitful murmurings,
From sheep-bells tinkling far and faint,
From breezes whispering music
round,
From the wood-pigeon's ceaseless
plaint,
And bubbling brooklets' lulling
sound :—
Give me a sepulchre, remote
From human haunts, some forest cell,
Where giant flowers, like banners, float
Above the leafy citadel ;—
Where the small moose-deer makes his
lair,
And gambols blythely all day long,
And the bright wanderers of the air
Gladden the woods with bursts of
song ;

Where on those dark and starless
 nights,
 When gloom profound the sky per-
 vades,
Its gem-like lamp the fire-fly lights,
 And glitters 'mid the dusky shades ;
Where, when the notes from every
 spray,
With the sun's rays have died away,
The sighing night-wind's pensive wail
Will breathe a melancholy tale,
Telling, should wandering steps in-
 trude
Upon the tangled solitude,
The story of the exile, lost
 To all that youth's bright augurs
 gave,
And finding on a foreign coast,
 One sole, sad boon, a lonely grave.
Cawnpore.

THE COTTAGE EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

In a lone mossy dingle,
By green trees o'erhung,
Their wild song of sorrow
Three Highland maids sung,—
Who were doomed, with their people
In exile to roam
O'er the stormy Atlantic,
To seek for a home.

For the hearths of their fathers,
By Want's chilling hand
Had been sternly extinguished
That morn in the land ;
And they came, for the last time,
All weeping, to bring
The cool gushing waters
From that pleasant spring.

It was piteous to see
How their sweet eyes grew dim,
With their fast flowing tears,
As they hung o'er its brim,

And looked their farewell
To that beautiful spot,
Endeared by those ties
Which could ne'er be forgot.

And oft from their vessels,
Replenished in vain,
They restored the pure stream
To the fountain again ;
As fondly they lingered,
And, loth to depart,
They sobbed forth their grief
In the anguish of heart.

“ Dear fountain of our native glen !
Far hence we're doomed to go ;
And soon for other urns than ours
Thy crystal streams will flow.

“ Thy snowy lilies still will bloom
On this delightful spot,
Sweet fountain of our native glen !
Though we behold them not.

“ And thou wilt, from thy sparkling cell,
Still softly murmur on,
When those who loved thy voice to
hear,
To other lands are gone.

“ Dear fountain of our native glen !
Beloved by us in vain,
That pleasant sound shall never glad
Our pensive ears again.

“ Dear fountain of our native glen !
Which we no more must view,
With breaking hearts thy children pour
Their long—their last adieu.”

EPICEDIUM.

BY HENRY ALFORD.

THE turf is green upon thee,
Thou’rt wedded to thy rest,
With the cold damp earth about thee,
And thine arms across thy breast:
The light hath waned around thee,
In which thy spirit breathed ;
And thou hast faded from the flowers
With which thy brow was wreathed.

Oh ! thou wert mild and beautiful,
A sunbeam in life’s showers ;
Thou wert too mild and beautiful
For this frail earth of ours :

So they have taken thee away—
Fair spirits like thine own,
And thou art gone to be with them
In sight of God's high throne.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

TO DERWENT WATER.

I BLESS thee, but thou canst not know
Why, lovely lake, I bless thee so!
I kiss the tiny ripple thrown
By pulses on thy margin stone;—
I woo thee with a lover's care,
And words more soft than summer air;
I've languished oft for thee of yore
On ocean wave and tropic shore!—
Not for thou turn'st thine azure eye,
Like smiling infant, on the sky;—
Not for that on thy virgin face
Is mirrored majesty with grace;
Oh! not for this,—though youth be
mine,—
Swells my fixed soul within her shrine:
In sooth, dear thought of, dreamt of
lake!

I love thee for my sweet maid's sake!

H. N. C.

WINDERMERE.

THY calm, romantic beauty who can
 see,
 The woods of green that bend to kiss
 thy tide,
 Thy bowery isles that smile in ver-
 dure's pride,
Nor grow enamoured, lovely lake, of
 thee ?
At dewy dawn to roam the mountains
 o'er,
 That gird thee round like gloomy
 sentinels,
 While far beneath thy purple bosom
 swells ;
At sultry noon to seek thy caverned
 shore,
There woo the freshness of the per-
 fumed gale,
 List the wild cascade murmuring
 down thy rocks,
 The song of birds, and bleat of
 sportive flocks ;
At eve to skim thy wave with noise-
 less sail,

Watch day's last trembling radiance
fire thy breast :—
Thus—thus to live, were surely to be
blest.

TO THE WILD FERN.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

THY place is not where art exults to
raise the tended flower,
By terraced walk, or decked parterre,
or fenced and sheltered bower ;
Nor where, the straightly-levelled
walls of tangled boughs between,
The sunbeam sweeps the velvet sward,
and streams through alleys green.

Thy dwelling is the desert heath—the
wood—the haunted dell,
And where the wild deer stoops to
drink beside the mossy well ;
And by the lake, with trembling stars
inlaid when earth is still,
And midnight's melancholy pomp is on
the distant hill

But fairer than the lightest bud, on
spring's fresh couch which lies ;
And fairer than the gentlest flower,
which glows 'neath summer skies ;
Or autumn's soft and mellowed tints
upon the fading tree ;—
Companion of the left and worn ! thy
leaf appears to me.

For I have loved where thou wert
reared in greenest strength, to
stray,
And mark thy feathery stem upraised
o'er lichened ruins grey :
Or in the fairy moonlight bent, to meet
the silvering hue ;
Or glistening yet, when noon was high,
with morn's unvanish'd dew.

And if the place were mine to choose,
when being's night should call,
Where, on this ever-verdant earth, to
share the sleep of all,
My grave should be the mountain's
height, where gusts were sighing
lone,
And thou in graceful pride wert nigh,
to deck the funeral stone.

It is a vain and baseless trust, by err-
ing thoughts imprest ;
But how resides its sleepless power
within the musing breast ?
That yet the soul shall wander back
from that far-distant shore,
And linger by its wonted haunts, and
where it strove before.

Thus to its false and frail abode the
yearning spirit clings ,
Thus lingers human love below, with
unaspiring wings :
And what on life's o'erclouded way
one gleam of joy has cast,
We fondly think shall still allure when
life—grief—toil—are past.

OH! LET US NEVER MEET AGAIN!

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

NAY, seek no more with soothing art
 (Since all our hours of love are
 vanished),
 To cheer with hope this aching heart,
 From which all thought of joy is
 banished !
 Thou lov'st no more ! too well I know,
 All hope to bring thee back is vain :
 And, as I'd hide, from all, my woe,
 Oh ! let us never meet again !

I'll shun thee in the festive hall,
 Where joyous forms around are seen,
 Lest I might weep to think of all
 Those scenes where we've together
 been !
 I'll shun thee where the tide of song
 Comes o'er my ear with well-known
 strain :
Thy tones would on my mem'ry throng.
 So let us never meet again !

No more my favourite bard I'll read,
 For *thou* hast marked each well-
 known page :

'Tis cold forgetfulness I need ;
 Nought else my sorrow could as-
 suage.

I cannot seek my pencil's aid,
 'Twould sadly call forth mem'ry's
 train ;

With *thee* I've sketched each hill and
 glade,

Where we shall never meet again !

And e'en my pen is faithless now ;
 To seek new themes 'twill not be
 taught :—

It still would keep my early vow
 To write to *thee* my inmost thought.

But I will ne'er address thee more !

My proud and wounded heart
 'twould pain,

If thou shouldst *now* my grief deplore

Oh ! may we never meet again !

NOON.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

HERE, where the elder's bough, with
snow-white flowers,
O'erhangs the dewybank, and slowly
creep
The reed-entangled waters, brown
and deep,
From slumbrous stay beneath the forest
bowers,
Sit we awhile ; and let the sultry hours
Steal on unmarked. With time and
scene like this,
Song would be luxury, and music
bliss,
And poesy thrice armed with melting
powers.
By such a shore, methinks, and such a
stream,
Drank ecstasy that bard of olden
time,
When crowding came upon his noon-
tide dream,
Satyr, and knight, and sage with
muttered rhyme,

And Talus, and that shield with sun-
bright beam,
And She, with ebon lance and crest
sublime.

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

THE joy-bells are ringing—oh! come
to the church :
We shall see the bride pass, if we stand
in the porch.
The bridegroom is wealthy : how
brightly arrayed
Are the menials who wait on the gay
cavalcade ;
The steeds with the chariots prancing
along,
And the peasants advancing with mu-
sic and song

Now comes the procession : the bride-
maids are there,
With white robes, and ribbons, and
wreaths in their hair.

Yon feeble old knight the bride's father
must be,
And now, walking proudly, her mother
we see ;
A pale girl in tears slowly moves by
her side :
But where is the bridegroom, and
where is the bride ?

They kneel round the altar—the organ
has ceased,
The hands of the lovers are joined by
the priest ;
That bond ! which death only can sever
again !
Which proves ever after life's blessing
or bane !
A bridal like *this* is a sorrowful sight :
See ! the pale girl is bride to the feeble
old knight.

Her hand on her husband's arm pas-
sively lies,
And closely she draws her rich veil
o'er her eyes.
Her friends throng around her with
accents of love :
She speaks not—her pale lips inaudi-
bly move.

Her equipage waits—she is placed by
 the side
 Of her aged companion—a sorrowing
 bride !

Again the bells ring, and the moment
 is come
 For the young heart's worst trial, the
 last look of home !
 They pass from the village—how
 eagerly still
 She turns and looks back from the
 brow of the hill !
 She sees the white cottage—the gar-
 den she made—
 And she thinks of her lover, aban-
 doned—betrayed !

But who, with arms folded, hath lin-
 gered so long
 To watch the procession, apart from
 the throng ?
 'Tis he ! the forsaken ! The false one
 is gone—
He turns to his desolate dwelling alone ;
 But happier *there*, than the doom that
 awaits
 The bride who must smile on a being
 she hates !

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Suggested by an Engraving from Salvator Rosa.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

HE kneels amid the brutish herd,
 But not in dumb despair ;
 For passion's holiest depths are stirred,
 And grief finds vent in prayer.

Not abject, though in wretchedness ;
 For faith and hope supply,
 In this dread hour of deep distress,
 Their feelings pure and high.

While thus a suppliant he kneels,
 " Cast down, but not destroyed,"
 A sweeter bliss his sorrow feels
 Than riot e'er enjoyed.

" I will arise," his looks declare,
 " And seek my father's face :
 His servants still have bread to spare ;
 Be mine a servant's place."

And soon each penitential hope
 For him shall be fulfilled ;

For him his father's arms shall ope,
The fatted calf be killed.

O Penitence ! how strong thy spell,
O'er hearts by anguish riven !
Victorious over death and hell,
Of mercy's power it loves to tell,
And whispers, for despair's stern knell,
"Repent ! and be forgiven !"

WITH CHRIST.

BY RICHARD HOWITT, ESQ.

THERE is such life in all his words,
As o'er from page to page we turn,
Such truth, such eloquence, and power,
Our hearts within us burn.
It cannot be the time is gone,
We cannot think the æra past,
Nor deem that in another clime
And age our lot is cast.

As on we move from field to field,
From village unto village on,
He, with the following multitude,
Seem thence before us gone.

We press to see whom thousands seek,
We hear the glowing words they
hear,
Knowledge as boundless as the skies,
And wisdom's language clear.

Him, when alone, we find alone,
Left in the desert place,
Whence his pervading eye and mind
Speed through all time and space.
But how can *He* apart be left,
Whom from man's haunts a space
we find,
Who, in his comprehensive heart,
Clasps all of human kind !

“ Entering the proud Jerusalem,
We see him when he deigned to ride,
By an immeasurable stream
Of people deified.”
We think upon the health, the strength,
The light, the life he gave ;
We see him conquering the wind,
And walking on the wave.

And in the dread and trying hour
When shameful death was near,
When the two spirits of the earth
Were agony and fear ;—

When night came down upon the day,
 And death, as from a throne,
 Seemed, for a little space, to rule
 The universe alone.

We see him bursting from the tomb
 Whom mortals thought to slay,
 Superior to the common bands
 Which fetter lifeless clay.
 And in the sad, yet glorious time,
 Followed by mournful eyes,
 We see him till we see him not,
 Ascending through the skies.

THE DROP AND THE RIVER.

From Pignotti.

BY ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

NURTURED upon Aurora's breast,
 A little lucid drop was seen
 (From its soft, dewy seat displaced),
 Descending through the blue serene.

On wanton Zephyr's wing upborne
 Gently it floated in mid air,

And from its glittering orb threw back
 'The dawn's young beams, that quivered there ;

In slow and quiet circles, still
 Hovering and lingering—Ah! in vain ;

For now, on peril's brink, it hung
 O'er the broad bosom of the main.

There, as it heard the thunders roar,
 And saw the angry billows swell,
 Saw it must quickly be ingulfed
 Within that dark receptacle ;

In terror's anguished tone it cried—
 " What destiny, alas! is mine,
 Being at once and name to lose,
 Whelmed in this black and bitter brine !

" A tiny liquid atom I,
 To the keen-sighted glance scarce known—

Ah! what must be my hapless fate,
 'Midst Ocean's boiling surges thrown?

" Ye gentle daughters of the Morn,
 Sweet breezes that in ether play,

Oh! bear me on your buoyant wings!
Oh! snatch me from that fate away!

“Dread father Phœbus, lord of light!
Bid thy all-potent fires prevail,
That so, expanded and diffused,
This frame in vapour may exhale.”

Fruitless, alas! were all these prayers,
To an unhearing power address!
Near and more near, it trembles now
On that blue surge's foam-tipt crest.

But lo! where down yon mountain's
side,
In all his gathered force amain
Hurrying, a headlong River sweeps,
With wreck and ruin in his train.

With harsh and hollow-sounding roar,
He flashes on from steep to steep:
Couched on their far-off flinty bed,
The startled shepherds bound from
sleep:

Then rushing o'er the fertile plain,
He spreads his furious flood so wide
That scarce the forest's topmost boughs
Appear above the tossing tide.

And whirled in many an eddying maze,
 Upon the torrent rough and strong,
 Oaks, their vast roots in air, are seen,
 With herds and herdsmen, rolled
 along.

In all its bright and broad expanse
 Revealed, he views the placid Sea ;
 And deems himself to its stern might
 Equal, if not superior he !

“ Is this ”—the haughty blusterer thus
 Questions, in accents of disdain—
 “ This, what I still have heard pro-
 claimed,
 ‘Th’ immense, interminable Main ?

“ Let me but meet the swelling foe,
 And soon, in my victorious wave,
 Thetis and Ocean’s self shall find,
 With all their train, a common grave.”

Then—so to quell th’ advancing tide
 With energies concentrated—
 He bids his closing billows flow
 Within a narrower, deeper bed.

Trembles each bank beneath the shock,
 As forth the mingling currents pour

Their frantic force ; and, blanched with
foam,
Speed onward to th' opposing shore.

And thus to war implacable,
With tongue of taunt, and heart of
pride,
Are Neptune and his subject gods
And all their briny realms, defied.

But now, from far, slow-moving on,
The stately Main in tranquil flow,
Resistless combatant ! invades
The confines of the vaunting foe.

Marking th' unruffled dignity
(At distance seen) of Ocean's waves,
His headlong course the River plies,
And with augmented fury raves.

And now they meet, and now they clash,
Flood fierce encountering hostile
flood ;
While trickling showers of silvery
spray
Attest the agonizing feud.

Hemmed in the narrow pass, Sir Stream
Tosses, and fain would hurry on :

And wheels in many a circling whirl,
And utters many a wailing groan.

Wrenched from its nether depths, the
 sand
In turbid jets around, above
Is hurled—the banks the crash repeat—
While Ocean scarce is seen to move.

No tempest blackens at his beck,
No storm he summons to his aid;
But far and wide his azure back
In smooth serenity is spread.

And thus, like vilest things unfelt,
In still and silent majesty,
Without an effort, he subdues
His struggling, sinking enemy;

Who now, with severed, broken force,
His vigour spent, his vapouring gone,
In the vast bitter gulf immersed
Steals to his fate unseen, unknown.

Forgotten thus the braggart Brook,
And lost in Ocean's yawning tomb,
Of the poor solitary Drop,
Ah! what shall be the wretched
 doom?

It falls—but on the very verge
 Of mingling with the boundless
 main,
 A shell within its silver breast
 Receives the shrinking denizen ;

And by its vivifying juice
 Pervades and quickens what it
 shrines,
 Till, in its bright recess, a pearl
 Of purest ray serenely shines—

A pearl, which after many a turn
 Of splendid change, with lucid beam
 Glitters, exalted, in the front
 Of Asia's proudest diadem.

And still in meek and modest guise
 Throned (timid gem!) on regal brow,
 With servile homage in the dust
 Sees haughtiest satraps prostrate
 bow.

*Instructed by these different fates,
 Let lowly, lofty natures know
 What blessings from humility,
 From arrogance what mischiefs flow*

THE FAREWELL OF COLONNA.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century the Italian wars had exiled a considerable number of distinguished men from their respective homes. Among the rest was Stephano Colonna, of the illustrious Roman family of the name. He was charged with the singular offence of laying a spell on Leonore, a daughter of one of the princes of the house of D'Este, which deprived her of the power of sleep. The princess had for some time "outwatched the stars," and written various MSS. which she scattered and tore, and had completed the evidence of her being in the hands of witchcraft, by refusing to share the throne of Naples. The spell might more easily have been accounted for by the grace, wit, and passion of Stephano Colonna, one of the handsomest cavaliers of the land of romance. It is not improbable, too, that he had, according to the habit of his age, actually made some use of the supposed powers of the magician, or seer, Fabricio, who committed such havoc in cabinets and alcoves with the heads of statesmen and hearts of ladies, towards the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. On Colonna, when he was arrested, was certainly found an amulet of the Bezoar, which he confessed to be a talisman, purchased at a high price from a Moor; with a paper of mystic characters, for which he acknowledged that he was waiting the interpretation by a spirit who obeyed the enchanter. However, he declared himself perfectly innocent of any attempt to exert those singular powers on the princess. The

influence of his family saved him from the fate of a dealer with the evil one. But he was compelled to quit Italy for ever. This to him was worse than death. But the law was not merciful enough to grant his wish; and in despair he took service in the first expedition under Columbus. It should be stated for the gratification of those who think that faithful love ought always to be fortunate love, that Stephano returned to Europe with all his misfortunes turned into fame, by the discovery of the new world; that he found his princess faithful, and that Colonna and his fair bride became the theme of Italy, for love, prosperity, and an illustrious offspring.

THE sea, the bright and breezy sea!

The ships are bounding on its wave:
Yet what are all its pomps to me?

The exile sees it but his grave.

The shore, the green and lovely shore!

I see the crowding lance and plume;
To me the trumpet thrills no more,

The banner droops, the world is
gloom.

A shadow sits upon my youth,

A fever feeds upon my frame;
Life, what art thou?—one great un-
truth;

Love, what art thou?—one bitter
name.

The sun is sinking in the sky,
The dew is glittering on the flower;
So sank he, when *one* form was nigh
That made the world an angel bower.

Dreams of the spirit! where, oh where,
Ye thoughts of beauty, are ye now?
What hand has planted dark despair
In this proud heart, and lofty brow?

It is the hour. I hear the tone
That from those lips of roses stole.
I see the diamond eyes that shone
With kindred music to the soul.

Come forth, thou wondrous talisman,
Wrought when the stars were veiled
in gloom,
When stooped to earth the crescent wan,
When earth was but a wider tomb:

When, through the vapours thick and
damp,
That filled the old enchanter's cell,
Flashed on thy form the mystic lamp:
Come forth, thou angel of the spell!

If throned upon yon golden cloud,
Or floating on yon glassy wave,

Or rushing on the mountain flood,
Or sporting in the forest cave ;

Bright spirit of the talisman—
Come ! by thy master's mighty name !
I hear thy wing the breezes fan,
I see thy glance of starry flame.

We fly ; the world is left behind ;
Bright spirit, still I speed with thee.
What new-born fragrance loads the
wind,
What new-born splendour gilds the
sea !

Now on me burst new earth, new skies ;
From sunny hill to sylvan shore
Is all one sheet of glorious dyes,
Of purple bloom, of sparkling ore.

Far as the dazzled eye can glance,
Spreads the broad land one glorious
bower,
Where never shook the gory lance,
Where never frowned the dungeon-
tower.

There, in the myrtle-shaded grot,
Might life be silent as the stream

That slumbers through its crystal vault,
A dream, and love be all the dream.

Beneath the forest's dew-dropt spray,
A king, the grassy turf my throne,
Might fond existence melt away,
Till the long, lonely dream were
done.

Again the talisman is dark,
Night and the world are come again:
I hear the trump, I see the bark,
Around lie agony and Spain.

No, the high prize shall yet be won!
Then what to me is sea or shore,—
The eastern or the western sun?
Thou shalt be mine, sweet Leonore

MEMOR.

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO.

(Beggar Girl.)

THIRTEEN years ago, mother,
A little child had you ;
Its limbs were light, its voice was soft,
Its eyes were—oh, so blue !
It was your last, your dearest,
And you said, when it was born,
It cheered away your widowhood,
And made you unforsorn.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
You loved that little child,
Although its temper wayward was,
And its will so strong and wild ;
You likened it to the free bird,
That flies to the woods to sing
To the river fair, the unfettered air,
And many a pretty thing.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
The world was in its youth :
There was no past ; and the all to come
Was Hope, and Love, and Truth.
The dawn came dancing onwards,
The day was ne'er too long,

And every night had a fairy sight,
And every voice a song.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
Your child was an infant small,
But she grew, and budded, and
bloomed at last,
Like the rose on your garden wall.
Ah, the rose that you loved was trod
on,—
Your child was lost in shame,
And never since hath she met your
smile,
And never heard your name!

(*Widow.*)

Be dumb, thou gipsy slanderer,
What is my child to thee?
What are my troubles—what my joys?
Here, take these pence, and flee!
If thou *wilt* frame a story
Which speaks of me or mine,
Go say you found me singing, girl,
In the merry sun-shine.

(*Beggar Girl.*)

Thirteen years ago, mother,
The sun shone on your wall:

He shineth now through the winter's
 mist,
 Or he shineth not at all.
 You laughed *then*, and your little one
 Ran round with merry feet :
 To-day you hide your eyes in tears
 And *I*—am in the street !

(*Widow.*)

Ah, God !—what frightful spasm
 Runs piercing through my heart!
 It cannot be my bright one,
 So pale—so worn ;—Depart !
 Depart—yet no, come hither !
 Here ! hide thee in my breast.
 I see thee again,—*again* !—and I
 Am once more with the blessed .

(*Beggar Girl.*)

Ay,—gaze !—'Tis I, indeed, mother,
 Your loved,—your lost,—your *child* !
 The rest o' the bad world scorn me,
 As a creature all defiled :
 But *you*—you'll take me home, mother ?
 And I—(tho' the grave seems nigh,)
 I'll bear up still ; and for *your* sake,
 I'll struggle—*not* to die !

B. C.

THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

DAY dawned. Within a curtained
 room,
 Filled, to faintness, with perfume,
 A lady lay, at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had seen the
 light:
 But for the lady, fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night!

Springs came. The lady's grave was
 green;
 And, near it, oftentimes was seen
 A gentle boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
 And struggled in the world's rough
 race,
 And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then—he died!—Behold, before
 ye,
 Humanity's poor sum and story;—
 Life,—Death,—and (all that is of)
 Glory. B. C

ON THE TOMB OF ABELARD
AND ELOISA.

O'ER this pale stone let Love and
Beauty weep,
For here the wrecks of mighty passion
sleep.
Here, where no jealous pang, no tyrant
hand,
Can break, O Love, thy sweet and bit-
ter band,
Lies Abelard's by Eloisa's heart ;
One to the last, not even in death to
part !
Here, where the wounded spirit bleeds
no more,
Their pilgrimage of life and love is o'er.

THE EUTHANASIA.

WRITTEN IN A BIBLE.

“Vanity of vanities.”—*Solomon.*

WHAT art thou, Life? The saint and
 sage
 Hath left it written on this page,
 That thou art nothing--dust, a breath,
 A bubble broke by chance or death;
 A sun-ray on a rushing stream;
 A thought, a vanity, a dream.

And truly hath he told the tale:
 Bear witness cell, and cloister pale,
 Where loveliness, and wealth, and
 birth,
 Have sunk from sights and sounds of
 earth,
 And chilled the heart, and veiled the
 eye,
 And, daily dying, learned to die.

Yet, Life, thou'rt given for mighty
 things;
 plume the infant angel's wings;

To bid our waywardness of heart,
Like Mary, choose the better part;
To watch, and weep our guilt away,
"To-day, while yet 'tis called to-day."

If trials come, Eternal God !
By thee the vale of thorns was trod.
If death be nigh, shall man repine
To bear the pangs that once were thine?
To bleed where once thy heart was
 riven,
And follow from the Cross to Heaven !

Away.

THE LONELY HEART.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

THEY tell me I am happy—and
I try to think it true ;
'They say I have no cause to weep,
My sorrows are so few ;
That in the wilderness we tread,
Mine is a favoured lot ;
My petty griefs all fantasies,
Would I but heed them not.

It may be so ; the cup of life
Has many a bitter draught,
Which those who drink with silent lips
Have smiled on while they quaffed
It may be so ; I cannot tell
What others have to bear,
But sorry should I be to give
Another heart my share.

They bid me to the festive board
I go a smiling guest,
Their laughter and their revelry
Are torture to my breast ;
They call for music, and there comes
Some old familiar strain ;
I dash away the starting tear,
Then turn—and smile again

But oh ! my heart is wandering
Back to my father's home,
Back to my sisters at their play,
The meadows in their bloom,
The blackbird on the scented thorn,
The murmuring of the stream,
The sounds upon the evening breeze,
Like voices in a dream ;

The watchful eyes that never more
Shall gaze upon my brow,

The smiles—Oh! cease that melody,
I cannot bear it now!
And heed not when the stranger sighs,
Nor mark the tears that start,
There can be no companionship
For loneliness of heart!

OUR OWN FIRE-SIDE.

BY JOHN CLARE.

OUR fire-side's easy chair—
Is there any place beside
Where such pleasant cheer we share?
Where the hours so gently glide?
Though but humble be the fare
That Want's daily toils provide,
Dainty's cup can ne'er compare
With the joy that sparkles there,
By our own fire-side.

Would you meet with genuine Mirth
Where she comes a willing guest?
'Tis the quiet social hearth,
Well I wot, she loveth best;
Where the little ones, at play,
Prattle by their mother's side,

And the elder, mildly gay,
Laugh and sing the hours away
By their own fire-side.

An honest man, though poor,
Yet may feel an honest pride,
While he tells his troubles o'er
Where his heart hath nought to hide.
He who falls from high estate
No great grievance hath to bide,
If he calmly meets his fate,
Where Content and Quiet wait
By the rustic fire-side.

They who love us till we die,
Who through troubles have been
tried,
Who will watch the closing eye
When all grows cold beside—
Where shall friends like these be found,
Search we earth and ocean wide?
Where, on all this weary round,
Save that hallowed spot of ground
Called our own fire-side?

In my chimney's cozy nook
Thus I chant my rustic lay,
'Neath the rafters, brown with smoke
Curling up for many a day.

Wealth may boast his splendid hall,
Pomp and luxury and pride,
Sculptured roof and pictured wall—
There's no *comfort* in them all
Like my own fire-side.

STANZAS TO —.

BY ELIZA WALKER.

I AM not gay when *thou* art here ;
My trembling heart hath joy too deep;
A feeling strange, half bliss, half fear,
So moves my soul, I fain would weep.

With earnest gaze I read thy face—
As eastern Magi searched the sky,
And sought its starry depths to trace
For promise of their destiny.

I ask thine eyes, thy lip, thy brow,
If type of change is written there;
If what looks pure and noble now
Shall bring my trusting heart despair

Vain fears, away !—still, still I'll cling
With strong undoubting faith to thee

My hopes, my joys, my sorrows bring
To thy fond bosom's sanctuary !

SONG....UP, MARY, LOVE !

Up, Mary, love, up !—for the breeze is
awake,
And the mists are retiring in wreaths
from the lake :
At the lark's early melody, joyous and
shrill,
Leaps the stag from his lair, and the
goat on the hill.

Our boats are all ready, their streamers
displayed,
And the boatmen's blithe carol is heard
in the giade ;
Our friends are assembled—the gallant,
the kind :
But the fairest and dearest still lingers
behind.

In yon copse-waving isle, ere the
closing of eve,
Fair cheeks will be glowing, young
hearts will believe , .

For a spirit of love and delight is abroad,
And sheds its sweet magic o'er mountain and flood.

'Tis sweet o'er the waters the bugle to
hear,
With the oar's mingled dash falling
faint on the ear ;
To view, far beneath us, the glittering
throng,
And catch the wild sounds of the dance
and the song.

But sweeter by far from the revel to
stray,
To cheat the mad whirl of the thought-
less and gay ;
By the lake's lonely margin our vows
to repeat,
And forget all besides in our blissful
retreat.

And sweeter than all, in the slumbers
of night
To recall in soft visions those hours of
delight.—
Such joys, and ten thousand besides,
wouldst thou prove,
Rise—join us—and bless us, oh Mary,
my love !

J. F. W. H.

BE HEAVEN MY STAY.

BY JOHN RAMSAY.

IN all the changes here below
Of transient weal or trying woe
It may be given my soul to know,—
Be Heaven my stay.

When the faint heart would fail for fear,
No human eye to pity near,
No hand to wipe the bitter tear,—
Be Heaven my stay.

When I must bear the worldling's scorn,
Derided for my lot forlorn,
E'en of itself but hardly borne,—
Be Heaven my stay.

When of the friends whom once I knew,
Around me I can find but few,
And doubts arise if *these* be true,—
Be Heaven my stay.

When days of health and youth are
flown,
My path with faded roses strown,

And *thorns* are all I find my own,—
Be Heaven my stay.

When full of tossings on my bed,
I cannot rest my weary head,
Scared with dim visions of the dead,—
Be Heaven my stay.

When sorely chastened for my sins,
And pleasure ends while grief begins,
And agony no guerdon wins,—
Be Heaven my stay.

When all in vain I strive to brave
The gloom of Jordan's swelling wave.
And hand of mortal cannot save,—
Be Heaven my stay.

When prayer no longer will prevail,
When praise sinks to a trembling wail,
When faith itself begins to fail,—
Be Heaven my stay!

Aberdeen.

MADEIRA.

BY L. E. L.

ON the deep and quiet sea
The day was fast declining ;
In the far empurpled sky
A few bright stars were shining.

And the moon looked through the
clouds
Which round her path were sweep-
ing,
Like some lone and gentle one
Who Love's vigil late is keeping.

Anchored off that beauteous coast,
A noble ship is lying,
While above her stately mast
Are English colours flying.

For the shore is now in sight,
And the perfume of its flowers,
And the odour of its vines,
Make sweet the twilight hours.

There is a silence in that ship
Each step is softly taken,

As around some dear one's bed,
Whose sleep they feared to waken.

But it is not sleep, now rocked
By the heaving of the billow ;
But a darker slumber flits
Around a weary pillow.

They have brought her from the land
Where her parents' ashes slumber ;
They have brought her to the south,
But her days have told their number.

Though the vault that bears her name
Will not open for another,
And she is the only child
That sleeps not by her mother ;

Yet the loveliest and the last
Of that ancient line is failing ;
Like those evanescent hues
In the shadowy west now paling.

She is laid upon the deck,
For the cool land breeze is blowing ;
But the last faint warmth of life
Fast from her cheek is going.

And her loosened long black hair
Is sweeping darkly round her,
As if it were the solemn pall
That already bound her.

But the sweet pale mouth was calm,
And the eyes were meekly closing :
And upon the marble cheek
Was the silken lash reposing ;—

Softly as a little child
Sleeps on its mother's bosom,
Sweetly as a tender flower
Closes its languid blossom.

There were eyes unused to weep,
Around her dim with weeping ;
Yet death seemed not for tears,
'Twas so like sweetest sleeping.

Not beneath the deep sea waves,
Vexed with perpetual motion,
Neither in the sparry caves
Of the tumultuous ocean,

Did that youthful maiden rest—
She had more fit entombing
In that balmy southern isle,
With its summer's sunny blooming.

There the moon will shed her light,
There the watching stars burn
clearer;
For never yet did earth enshrine
One fairer or one dearer.

LOVE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

OH! Love!—true Love!—what alters
thee? Not all
The changes that flit o'er the heart
of man?
Thou art the fruit that ripens—not to
fall
The flower that lives beyond the
summer's span;
The clinging plant that props the
crumbling wall—
The vestal fire, which braves the
winter's ban:
Nor is extinguished by the sleet or
snow
Of human cruelty, and crime, and woe!

Thou art the shadow of the heart, that
tends

Our footsteps through bright sun-
shine or black shade ;

Cold chills thee not—indifference but
amends—

Want cannot kill thee, suffering not
dissuade ;

Thou art Life's food, the morsel Mercy
lends

To nourish, when all other banquets
fade :

Yea ! all conspires this maxim's truth
to prove—

*Life is not where we live, but where we
love !*

With me love is a vision of the mind,
A dream that dazzles when I do not
sleep ;

A phantom, faintly seen and undefined ;
An opiate, giving thoughts ecstatic,
deep,

A holy spirit, in a tomb eshrined,
O'er which humanity doth wail and
weep :

For purest love hath ever on its wings
A blend of earthly and unearthly
things !

SONG.

BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

FRIEND, whose smile had ever power
 From its chains my soul to free,
 Making all a summer bower
 What were desert, save for thee,
 By the love I kept so long
 All unchanged through scorn and
 wrong,
 For thee alone—
 Grieve not thou for days of yore
 And remember me no more
 When I am gone.

Thou wilt weep, I know, to see
 Yonder picture on the wall;
 Yonder dulcimer to thee
 Often will my song recall:
 Hide them both in some dark cell,
 Whence may come no saddening spell
 Of glance or tone
 Fading memories to restore:
 O remember me no more
 When I am gone.

THE SNOW.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

THE silvery Snow!—the silvery Snow!
 Like a glory it falls on the fields below;
 And the trees with their diamond
 branches appear
 Like the fairy growth of some magical
 sphere;
 While soft as music, and wild as white,
 It glitters and floats in the pale moon-
 light,
 And spangles the river and fount as
 they flow;
 Oh! who has not loved the bright, beau-
 tiful snow!

The silvery snow, and the crinkling
 frost—
 How merry we go when the Earth
 seems lost;
 Like spirits that rise from the dust of
 Time,
 To live in a purer and holier clime!
 A new creation without a stain—
 Lovely as Heaven's own pure domain

But, ah! like the many fair hopes of
our years,
It glitters awhile—and then melts into
tears.

THE DEATH OF RACHEL.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

SHE felt—in many a patient tear,
And yearning hope, and anxious fear,
And tinge of matron shame, that lies
On the frail cheek and languid eyes—
Through all its change of silent woe,
The curse of Eve—a mother's throe!
Then died—without one hour to share
The hard-earned due of woman's race,
The outstretched hand, the voiceless
prayer,
The infant's weak, but dear embrace!
Oh! if there be a care below,
One human thought, uncharged with
sin,
'Tis the self-yielding, pious glow
With which a mother's toils begin!

The Patriarch stood beside her bed,
And love's unwearied vigil kept,
Till love was watching o'er the dead—
Then bowed his stricken head, and
 wept!

He placed the leafy chaplet o'er
Her breast; and touched, with painful
 kiss,

The clammy lips that sprang no more
With dewy warmth to welcome his.

They raised a pillar o'er her grave,
A simple mass of naked stone,
Hewn with such art as sorrow gave,
E'er haughty sculpture yet was known
There oft the fiery Gentile trod,
But did not crush the flowery sod;
And childhood, as it wandered near,
Gazed with uncertain look of fear,
And checked its noisy sport awhile,
To whisper by the mossy pile!

MEMORY.

INSCRIPTION ON AN URN.

From the French.

OF all the early hours I knew,
Hours that so sweetly, swiftly flew,
Why does one only thing remain
To turn the lovely past to pain—
 'Tis Memory !

When all my hopes, like dreams,
 passed by,
Why didst not thou too, Memory, fly—
Fly from my heart, nor thus remain
To turn hope, heart, and life to pain,
 Oh Memory !

INVOCATION TO DREAMS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Written in early Youth.

THE clouds of night, the wings of
 sleep,
 Are brooding now o'er hill and
 heath ;
 Too startling for the silence deep,
 Were music's faintest breath.
 Descend, ye visions, from aërial bowers
 To glorify your own soft silent hours.

In hope or fear, in toil or pain,
 The weary day for man hath passed ;
 Now, dreams of bliss, be yours to reign,
 Now let your spells be cast !
 Steal from lone hearts the pang, sad
 eyes the tear,
 And lift the veil that hides a brighter
 sphere.

Oh ! bear your kindest balm to those
 Who fondly, vainly, mourn the ~~deed~~ ;
 To them that world of peace ~~dis~~se,
 Where the pure soul is fled

Where love, immortal in his native
clime,
Shall fear no pang from fate, no blight
from time.

Haste! to his loved, his distant land,
On your light wings the exile bear;
To feel once more his heart expand
In his own mountain air—
Hear the wild echo's well known
strains repeat,
And bless each note as Heaven's own
music sweet.

But oh! with fancy's brightest ray,
Kind dreams! the bard's repose il-
lume;
Bid forms of heaven around him play,
And bowers of Eden bloom.
He needs those glimpses of his native
skies,
To light him on through life's realities.

No voice is on the air of night,
Through folded leaves no murmurs
creep;
Nor star nor moonbeam's dewy light,
Falls on the brow of sleep.

Descend, oh visions ! from aërial
 bowers,
Dim, silent, solemn, are your chosen
 hours.

THE NAUTILUS.

BY MARY HOWETT.

LIKE an ocean breeze afloat,
In a little pearly boat,
Pearl within and round about,
And a silken streamer out,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Merrily, merrily, saileth he !

Not for battle, nor for pelf,
But to pleasure his own self,
Sails he on for many a league,
Nor knoweth hunger nor fatigue :
Past many a rock, past many a shore,
Nor shifts a sail, nor lifts an oar.
Oh ! the joy of sailing thus—
Like a brave old Nautilus.

Much he knows, the northern whaler
More the Great Pacific sailor ;

And Phœnicians, old and grey,
In old times knew more than they ;
But, oh ! daring voyager small,
More thou knowest than they all !

Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze
On the new-created seas :
Thou wast with the dragon broods
In the old sea solitudes,
Sailing in the new-made light
With the curled up Ammonite !
Thou survived the awful shock
That turned the ocean-bed to rock,*
And changed its myriad living swarms
To the marble's veined forms—
Fossil scrolls that tell of change.

Thou wast there !—thy little boat,
Airy voyager, kept afloat
O'er the waters wild and dismal,
O'er the yawning gulfs abyssmal ;
Amid wreck and overturning—
Rock imbedding, heaving, burning !
'Mid the tumult and the stir,
Thou, most ancient mariner,

* The little Nautilus is found imbedded with the fossil remains of those sea-crocodiles, and dragon-like creatures which have ceased to exist.

In that pearly boat of thine,
Sat'st upon the troubled brine !

Then thou saw the settling ocean
Calming from its dark commotion ;
And, less mighty than the first,
Forth a new creation burst !—

Saw each crested billow rise
With ten thousand forms of life ;
Saw the budding sea-weed grow
In the tranquil deeps below,
And within the ocean-mines
Hourly, branching corallines.

Thou didst know the sea, ere man
His first voyage had began ;
All the world hadst sailed about,
Ere America was found out—
Ere Ulysses and his men
Came to Ithaca again.
Thou wast sailing o'er the sea,
Brave old voyager, merrily,
While within the forest grew
The tree that was the first canoe.
Daring circumnavigator,
Would thou wert thine own narrator

THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

I KNEW a little cottage maid,
An orphan from her birth ;
And yet she might be truly called
The happiest child on earth.

As guileless as the gentle lambs
That fed beneath her care,
Her mind was like a summer stream,
Unruffled, pure, and fair.

'Midst all the hardships of her lot,
Her looks were calm and meek ;
And cheerfully the rose of health
Was blooming on her cheek.

The merry sports which childhood
loves,
To her were never known ;
Yet Ellen, in her lonely hours,
Had pleasures of her own.

She loved her peaceful flock to lead
To some sweet wooded hill,

That overhung the flowery plain
And softly-gliding rill :

And, couched amidst the blossomed
heath,
From that delightful spot,
To mark the distant village spire,
And many a well-known cot :

Whence watched she oft the curling
smoke
In misty wreaths ascend,
And, on the blue horizon's verge,
With loftier vapours blend.

She heard a music in the sigh
Of streams and wavering trees,
And sang her artless songs of joy
To every passing breeze.

She made acquaintance with the birds
That gayly fluttered nigh ;
And e'en the lowly insect tribes
Were precious in her eye.

She saw a glory in each cloud,
A moral in each flower ;
That all to her young heart proclaimed
Their great Creator's power.

Nor looked the little maid in vain
Some kindly glance to meet—
One lowly friend was ever near,
Reposing at her feet :—

A friend whose fond and generous love
Misfortune ne'er estranged ;
In sunshine and in storm the same
Through weal and woe unchanged.

The dreary heath, or barren moor,
Or park, or pasture fair,
Are all alike to faithful Tray,
If Ellen is but there.

His joys are centred all in her ;
His world 's the lonely wild,
Where he attends, the livelong day,
That solitary child.

THE FESTA OF MADONNA DEI FIORI.

BY L. E. L.

THEY gathered in that holy place,
A young and lovely band,
With banners wrought with sacred
signs,
And flowers in each hand.

It was a summer festival
Worthy a summer sky,
That brought the fragrant and the
fair
Upon that shrine to die.

Many a little foot had been
Amid the early dew,
While fresh the odour to each leaf,
Fresh colour to each hue.

And many a little brow had watched
For weeks some favourite flower,
Proud and impatient of its growth
For this auspicious hour.

And many a little heart had linked
 Its deepest, dearest prayer,
 And the fulfilment of its hope
 With the sweet offerings there.

One bore a banner, where was wrought
 The Virgin and her Son—
 Her younger sister and herself
 The broidery begun.

But she who held the banner now
 Went on her way alone ;
 No sister shared the sacred task :—
 Her sister's task was done !

As yet the grass was scarcely grown
 Upon that bright young head ;
 As yet the tears were warm that fell
 Above the early dead.

Poor child ! how pale and sorrowful
 She takes her silent way !
 A prayer for the departed one
 Is on her lips to-day.

But foremost come two fairy ones
 With dark eyes filled with light,
 The very roses that they bear
 Can scarcely be more bright.

170 FESTA OF MADONNA DEI FIORI.

The youngest bears a single plant,
One that herself has nursed ;
A far exotic from the South,
The fairest and the first.

And they have tender hopes and fears
To claim the votive vow ;
And parents, for whose precious sake
Their prayers are ready now.

Blest be their lovely pilgrimage,
Although they seek a shrine
Hallowed by a believing faith
Not unto us divine !

No banners in our humbler church
Are waved, no flowers are strown ;
The sacrifice we offer up
Must in the heart be shown.

And that is much if truly given :
Our vanity and pride,
Our empty hopes, our fair deceits,
Must there be all denied.

Those children, with an earnest faith
Are offering early flowers ;
Methinks their simple truth and love
Might teach and strengthen ours.

THE DYING BOY TO THE SLOE-BLOSSOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN LAW
RHYMES."

BEFORE thy leaves, thou com'st once
more,

White blossom of the sloe !
Thy leaves will come as heretofore ;
But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,
Will then lie low.

A month at least before thy time
'Thou com'st, pale flower, to me ;
For well thou knowest the frosty rime
Will blast me ere my vernal prime,
No more to be.

Why here in winter ? No storm lours
O'er nature's silent shroud :
But blithe larks meet the sunny
showers,
High o'er the doomed untimely
flowers,
In beauty bowed !

Sweet violets in the budding grove
Peep where the glad waves run ;
The wren below, the thrush above,
Of bright to-morrow's joy and love,
Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf, ever bold,
Hears bees chant hymns to God,
The breeze-bowed palm, mossed o'er
with gold,
Smiles on the well, in summer cold,
And daisied sod.

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,
And flowers in winter blow,
To tell me that the worm makes room
For me, her brother, in the tomb,
And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn,
Foretells an eve of tears—
A sunbeam on the saddened lawn,
I smile, and weep to be withdrawn
In early years

Thy leaves will come!—but songful
spring
Will see no leaf of mine ; .

Her bells will ring, her bridemaids
sing,
When my young leaves are withering,
Where no suns shine.

Oh, might I breathe morn's dewy
breath,
When June's sweet Sabbaths chime!
But thine before my time, O Death,
I go where no flower blossometh,
Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn
Vanish, and long ere noon
The dew-drop dieth on the thorn,
So fair I bloomed : and was I born
To die as soon ?

To love my mother, and to die,
To perish in my bloom,
Is this my brief, sad history ?
A tear dropped from a mother's eye
Into the tomb !

He lived and loved will sorrow say ;
By early sorrow tried ;
He smiled, he sighed, he passed away
His life was but an April day,—
He loved and died !

My mother smiles—then turns away;
But turns away to weep :
They whisper round me,—what they
say
I need not hear ; for in the clay
I soon must sleep.

Oh, love is sorrow ! sad it is
To be both tried and true !
I ever trembled in my bliss ;
Now there are farewells in a kiss,—
They sigh adieu.

But woodbines flaunt when bluebells
fade
Where Don reflects the skies ;
And many a youth in Shire cliffs' shade
Will ramble where my boyhood played,
Though Alfred dies !

Then panting woods the breeze will
feel,
And bowers, as heretofore,
Beneath their load of roses reel ;
But I through woodbined lanes shall
steal
No more, no more !

Well, lay me by my brother's side,
Where late we stood and wept ;

For I was stricken when he died,—
I felt the arrow as he sighed
His last, and slept.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.—*Wordsworth.*

Is there, when the winds are singing
In the happy summer-time—
When the raptured air is ringing
With earth's music heaven-ward
springing,
Forest-chirp, and village-chime?—
Is there, of the sounds that float
Minglingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted.

Morn hath touched her golden strings;
Earth and sky their vows have plighted,
Life and light are reunited,
Amid countless carollings:

Yet, delicious as they are,
There's a sound that's sweeter far—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all,—the human voice !

Organ, finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone ;
Than the winds or waters dearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,
For it answereth his own.
But of all its witching words,
Sweeter than the songs of birds
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves, and silver showers—
These, ere long, the ear forgets
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round ;
Heart-deep laughter that I heard,
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah ! 'twas heard by ear far purer,
Fondlier formed to catch the strain—
Ear of one whose love is surer ;

Hers, the mother, the endurer
Of the deepest share of pain ;
Hers the deepest bliss, to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure ;
Hers to hoard, a lifetime after,
Echoes of that infant-laughter.

Yes ; a mother's large affection
Hears with a mysterious sense :
Breathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint, and fine inflexion,
Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honied tones untaught
Hiveth she, in loving thought ;
Tones that never thence depart,
For she listens—with her heart !

A HYMN TO THE REDEEMER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

O THOU adored in heaven and earth,
 A being divine of human birth ;
 Son of the virgin, hear us, hear us ;
 Son of the living God, be near us ;
 Thou who art man in form and feature,
 Yet God of glory, and God of nature ;
 Thou who led'st the star of the east,
 Yet hapless lay at a virgin's breast,
 Slept in the manger, and cried on tho
 knee,
 Yet rulest o'er time and eternity ;
 Whose kind mediations never shall
 cease,
 Thou mighty God, thou Prince of
 peace,
 Pity thy creatures here kneeling in
 dust,
 Pity the beings in thee that trust.

Thou, who fedst the hungry with
 bread,
 And raised from the grave the moul-
 dering dead,

Who walked on the waves of the rolling
main,
Who cried to thy Father, and cried in
vain ;
Yet, wept for the woes and the sins of
man,
And prayed for him when thy life-blood
ran ;
With thy last breath thou cried'st FOR-
GIVE,
When dying by man that man might
live ;
O'er death and the grave thou hast
victory won,
And now art throned by the stars and
the sun,
For thy name's glory, hear us, hear us
Son of the living God, be near us.

Oh, leave the abodes of glory and
bliss,
The realms of heavenly happiness ;
Come swifter than the meteor of even,
On the lightning's wing, in the chariot
of heaven ;
By the gates of light and the glowing
sphere,
Oh, come on thy errand of mercy
here.

But, Lord of glory, we know not thee,
 We know not what we say ;
 We cannot from thy presence be,
 Nor from thine eye away :

For, though on the right hand of our
 God,
 Thou art here in this lonely drear abode.
 Beyond the moon and the starry way,
 Thou holdest thy Almighty sway,
 Where spirits in floods of light are
 swimming,
 And angels round the throne are hymn-
 ing,
 Where waters of life are ever stream-
 ing,
 And crowns of glory are round thee
 beaming ;
 Yet present with all that call on thee
 In this world of woe and adversity.

Then, O thou Son of the virgin, hear us,
 God of love and of life, be near us ;
 Our stains wash out, our sins forgive,
 And before thee let our spirits live ;
 For thy dear faith be our bosoms steeled:
 Oh, be our help, our stay, our shield ;
 Show thy dread power for mercy's sake,
 For the souls of thy children are at stake.

Oh, save us! save us! blest Redeemer,
From the power of the scorner and
blasphemer;
Oh, come as the floods of thy foes as-
semble,
That all may see, and fear, and tremble;
Bow down thy heavens, and rend them
asunder,
And come in the cloud, in the flame, or
the thunder,
That heaven and earth may see and
know
How much they to a Virgin owe.

THE SPIRITS' LAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWIN," &c.

OH, beauteous are the forms that stand
Beyond death's dusky wave,
And beckon to the spirits' land,
Across the narrow grave!

No damp is on the freed one's brow,
No dimness in his eye;
The dews of heaven refresh him now,
The fount of light is nigh.

The parent souls that o'er our bed
Oft poured the midnight prayer,
Now wonder where their cares are
fled,
And calmly wait us there.

The dearer still—the close entwined
With bands of roseate hue:
We thought them fair; but now we
find
'Twas but their shade we knew.

'Tis sweet, when o'er the earth unfurled

Spring's verdant banners wave,
To think how fair yon upper world,
Which knows no wintry grave.

'Tis sweet, when tempests earth deform,

And whirlwinds sweep the sky,
To know a haven from the storm
When worlds themselves must die;

To know that they in safety rest

The tranquil barks of those
Who, soaring on life's billowy crest,
Attained to heaven's repose;

To know that brethren fondly wait
Our mansion to prepare—

That death but opens that mansion's
gate,

And, lo! our souls are there!

GOING TO SERVICE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

THE day was bright, the hour was
 noon,
 'Twas laughing, lightsome, leafy June ;
 The breath of flowers was on the
 breeze,
 The birds were singing 'mid the trees,
 The sun was warm on every glade,
 The cattle rested in the shade,
 And on the wind there swelled along
 The chorus of the mowers' song.

At such a season of delight,
 When all is beautiful and bright ;
 When summer smiles on trees and
 streams,
 How worse than dull the city seems !
 And, oh, for one who long had dwelt
 'Mid rural scenes, and who had felt
 The simple joys the country yields,
 How hard to quit her native fields !

Young Mary was the sweetest flower
 That ever bloomed in rustic bower ;

As blithesome, graceful, glad, and
 gay,
As the wild bird upon the spray ;
And like that bird when sickening
With heavy eye and drooping wing,
Within some network close and small,
So looked she to the city's thrall.

Her mother, silent, wept apart,
'The grief was heavy at her heart ;
Her father stood with downcast air,
And whistled, to conceal his care ;
Her little brother hushed his glee,
And gazed around him stealthily ;
While she, though sad enough the
 while,
Controlled her tears and strove to
 smile.

The longest, last embrace was o'er,
Her roof-tree sheltered her no more ;
Yet still she paused a little while
When she had passed the dearest
 stile,
And looked, how lingeringly ! to see
The home of her glad infancy,
Nestling in quietude and peace
Amid its patriarchal trees

Then turned she from that cherished
spot—

How sad 'twould seem when she was
not!

Her little brother at her side,
Divided between grief and pride ;
The grief which grows with each ca-
ress,

The simple pride of usefulness ;
While she—ah! see what she appears—
A lovely thing of smiles and tears !

How quickened Mary's step, how
rushed

The life-blood to her cheek, which
blushed

Like a hedge-rose beneath the sun,
As forth upon her path came one
Who had not seen, who had not heard,
Her parting smile, her parting word ;
From whom—so whispered her young
heart—

'Twould be her keenest pang to part.

Who cannot shadow out the scene?—
The memories of what had been,
The clasping hands, the tearful vows,
All love's fond catalogue of woes?

Or who shall marvel, though once more
They stood beside her father's door,
She blushing in her happy pride,
He sworn to claim her as his bride ?

They *could not* part ! And now they
came
To tell their tale to sire and dame ;
The words were few in which 'twas
told,
For love had made the suitor bold ;
While Mary to her mother's breast
Flew, like the wild-bird to its nest,
And whispered, with a blushing brow,
"I need not seek a service now !"

THE PROPHET-CHILD.

WITHIN the Temple slept the child,
The after-prop of Israel's fame,
When o'er his slumbers, calm and mild,
The summons of Jehovah came.

The call was heard, the child awoke ;
With beating heart and bended knee
The future judge and prophet spoke,—
“Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth
thee !”

Oh, when we hear Jehovah's voice
Breaking the slumber of the soul,
So may we rise, and so rejoice,
So bend our will to His control !

His summons calls us even now ;
Oh, may each instant answer be,
“Father, to thy commands I bow,—
Speak, for thy servant heareth thee !”

S. C. H.

THE WORDS OF TREES AND FLOWERS.

BY JOHN BANIM

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees."—*Shakspeare*.

"WHY should not trees be always
green,
And flowers for ever blow?"*
That from their changings may be seen
The change of all below;
And day by day, through hours and
years,
They challenge us to learn,—
Sometimes a soothing for our tears,
Sometimes a lesson stern.

To him who weeps, of hope stripped
bare,
His leaf and flow'ret shorn,
They say, "You are but as *we* are,
Yet therefore do not mourn;

* This question was proposed to the writer by a lady.

Wild winter will so soon be past,
And we re-blossoming ;
Be patient thou, of blight and blast
And wait another spring."

To him who hath loved, and, in despite
Of the false one, loveth still,
Although her change doth nip him
quite,
And bare him, at her will,
They say, "By trusting balm-like eyes
And sighs thou art undone;
As we, by trusting balmy skies,
And airs, and faithless sun."

To him, who, in ambition's bloom,
Thinks not, by sudden frost,
Or arrowy flash, or sultry gloom,
He may be touched and lost,
They say, "Of nature's gorgeous things
We ought to have most pride ;
And yet, like man's imaginings,
We're bared, or we have died."

To flowery beauty, in her waste
Of pride and palmy power,
Who thinks that time may never feast
(Sole bridegroom !) in her bower,
They say, "Like you, for seasons two

We laughed at dull decay,
Till now the third, our leaves have
 stirred,
To strew them every way."

To those who sit on high, so vain
Of a little shining sway,
By sword, or sceptre, knightly chain,
Or ermined robe, they say,
"Not one of you, in all your state,
Like one of us was clothed ;
And yet your fate shall be *our* fate—
Your rottings shunned or loathed."

Unto earth's proud they say aloud,
"We laugh to think that we
For mirth or mourning, show or shroud,
Your servitors should be !
For beauty's braid, alive or dead,
For the crowning of your brave ;
For cradle head, or nuptial bed,
For garden, and for grave !"

To all mankind, from year to year,
(Alas, unheard !) they say,
"Without a thought, without a fear,
Lo ! we have passed away !
So pass not thou ! so live not thou !—
Many *our* lives on earth !—

Thou hast but one—thou liv'st it on,—
Beware a second birth !

“ Ah ! leaf-like could'st thou be re-born,
Each spring-time in the sun,
Again to laugh through May-day's
morn—

Again a race to run ;
Then, scarce with thought, and scarce
with fear,
Thou might'st grow wintry old ;
And die through winter's reign so
drear,

Or brave his barbs of cold.

“ But, ah ! since here thou diest, to have
Eternal life elsewhere,
Live not like us, who scorn a grave,
Or must be clothed, when bare !
A life on earth, for thee too dear,
To earthward-loved, and given
Without a thought, without a fear,
Will not ensure thee heaven ! ”

COME AND GONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW
RHYMES."

THE silent moon-beams on the drifted
snow
Shine cold, and pale, and blue,
While through the cottage-door the
yule log's glow
Casts on the iced oak's trunk, and grey
rock's brow,
A ruddy hue.

The red ray and the blue, distinct and
fair,
Like happy groom and bride,
With azured green, and emerald-
orange glare,
Gilding the icicles from branches bare,
Lie side by side.

The door is open, and the fire burns
bright ;
And Hannah, at the door,
Stands,—through the clear, cold-moon-
ed, and starless night,—

Gazing intently towards the scarce-seen
height,
O'er the white moor,

'Tis Christmas-eve ! and, from the distant town,
Her pale apprenticed son
Will to his heart-sick mother hasten
down,
And snatch his hour of annual transport—flown
Ere well begun.

The Holy Book unread upon his knee,
Old Alfred watcheth calm ;
Till Edwin come, no solemn prayer
prays he ;
Till Edwin come, the text he cannot
see,
Nor chant the psalm.

And comes he not ? Yea ; from the
wind-swept hill
The cottage-fire he sees ;
While of the past Remembrance drinks
her fill,
Crops childhood's flowers, and bids the
unfrozen rill
Shine through green trees.

In thought, he hears the bee hum o'er
the moor ;
In thought, the sheep-boy's call ;
In thought, he meets his mother at the
door ;
In thought, he hears his father, old and
poor,
" Thank God for all ! "

His sister he beholds, who died when
he,
In London bound, wept o'er
Her last sad letter : vain her prayer to
see
Poor Edwin yet again !—he ne'er will be
Her playmate more.

No more with her will hear the bittern
boom
At evening's dewy close ;
No more with her will wander where
the broom
Contented in beauty with the hawthorn
bloom,
And budding rose.

Oh, love is strength ! love, with divine
control,
Recalls us when we roam !

In living light love bids the dimmed
eye roll,
And gives a dove's wing to the fainting
soul,
And bears it home.

Home!—That sweet word hath turned
his pale lip red,
Relumed his fireless eye;
Again the morning o'er his cheek is
spread,
The early rose that seemed for ever
dead,
Returns to die.

Home! home! Behold the cottage of
the moor,
That hears the sheep-boy's call!
And Hannah meets him at the open
door
With faint, fond scream; and Alfred,
old and poor,
“Thanks God for all!”

His lip is on his mother's; to her breast
She clasps him, heart to heart;
His hands between his father's hands
are pressed;

They sob with joy, caressing and
caressed :
How soon to part !

Why should they know that thou so
soon, O Death,
Wilt pluck him, like a weed ?
Why fear consumption in his quick-
drawn breath ?
Why dread the hectic flower, which
blossometh
That worms may feed ?

They talk of other days, when, like the
birds
He culled the wild flowers' bloom,
And roamed the moorland, with the
houseless herds ;
They talk of Jane's sad prayer, and
her last words ;
" Is Edwin come ? "

He wept. But still, almost till morn-
ing beamed,
They talked of Jane—then slept :
But, though he slept, his eyes half
open, gleamed ;

For still of dying Jane her brother
 dreamed,
And dreaming wept.

At mid-day he arose, in tears, and
 sought
The churchyard where she lies ;
He found her name beneath the snow-
 wreath wrought,
Then from her grave a knot of grass
 he brought
With tears and sighs.

The hour of parting came, when feel-
 ings deep
In the heart's depth awake :
To his sad mother—pausing oft' to
 weep—
He gave a token, which he bade her
 keep
For Edwin's sake.

It was a grassy sprig, and auburn tress,
 Together twined and tied.
He left them, then, for ever! Could
 they less
Than bless and love that type of ten-
 derness?—
Childless they died?

Long in their hearts a cherished
thought they wore,
And till their latest breath,
Blessed him, and kissed his last gift
o'er and o'er;
But they beheld their Edwin's face no
more
In life or death!

For where the upheav'd sea of trouble
foams,
And sorrow's billows rave,
Men, in the wilderness of myriad
homes,
Far from the desert, where the wild
flock roams,
Dug Edwin's grave.

A WINTER SUNSET.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

I LOVE a winter's sunset. Look, e'en
now !

As the bright bird of heaven his wing
extends

E'en to its utmost limit. 'Tis to fold
In one fond, last embrace, the earth,
which smiles

And catches from each golden plume,
a tinge

Of heavenly beauty. Look! the western
sky

Was never in the gorgeous summer
time

More bright with radiant hues, and
never slept

More sweetly on its breast that moun-
tain range.

Ay! 'tis glorious all.
And yet how faint! how dark! com-
pared with Him

Who thus doth condescend to shadow
forth

Of Deity the tokens.

LINES.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

THOU bidst me dry my tearful eyes ;
But hast thou ever shed those tears,
In each of which such sorrow lies
As might compress the wo of years ?

Oh ! hast thou felt what 'tis to sigh
And weep o'er bliss for ever fled ?
To long, and yet to fear, to die,
When every hope is crush'd and
dead ?

No ! hadst thou ever felt that wo,
That aching void, that agony
Which causes these wild tears to flow,
And makes me heave this throbbing
sigh,

Thou wouldst not bid me dry the tear.
For thou wouldst know it was in
vain ;
Alas ! alas ! as vain it were,
As bid me cherish hope again !

CREATION AND REDEMPTION

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

“Let there be light, and there was light.”

“LET there be light!”—were the words
of creation,
That broke on the chaos and silence
of night;
The creatures of mercy invoked to
their station,
Suffused into being, and kindled to
light.

“Let there be light!”—The Great
Spirit descended,
And flashed on the waves that in
darkness had slept,
The sun in his glory a giant ascended,
The dew on the earth their mild
radiance wept.

“Let there be light!”—And the fruits
and the flowers,
Responded in smiles to the new
lighted sky,

There was scent in the gale, there
 was bloom in the bowers,
 Sweet sound for the ear, and soft
 hue for the eye.

“Let there be light!”—And the mild
 eye of woman
 Beam’d joy on the man who this pa-
 radise sway’d :
 There was joy—’till the foe of all hap-
 piness human,
 Crept into those bowers—was heard
 —and obey’d.

“Let there be light!”—Were the
 words of salvation,
 When man had defeated life’s ob-
 ject and end ;
 Had waned from his glorious and glad
 elevation,
 Abandoned a God, and conform’d to
 a fiend.

“Let there be light!”—The same
 Spirit supernal,
 That lighted the torch when crea-
 tion began,

Laid aside the bright beams of his God-
head eternal,
And wrought as a servant, and wept
as a man.

“Let there be light!”—From Gethse-
mane springing,
From Golgotha’s darkness, from Cal-
vary’s tomb,
Joy, joy unto mortals, good angels are
singing,
The Shiloh has triumph’d, and death
is o’ercome.

LORD SURREY AND THE FAIR GERALDINE.

BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

“In the reign of the second Grand-duke of Tus-
cany of Lorenza’s family, (Cosmo I.) Florence, it
is said, beheld a novel and extraordinary spectacle.
A young traveller from a court and a country which
the Italians of that day seemed to regard much as
we now do the Esquimaux, combining the learning
of the scholar, and the amiable bearing of the
courtier, with all the rash bravery of youthful
romance, astonished the inhabitants of that queenly
city, first by rivalling her polished nobles in the
splendour of his taste, and the gallantry of his man-

ners, and next by boldly proclaiming that his "Ladye love" was superior to all that Italy could vaunt of beauty; that she was '*Oltre le belle bella*,' fair beyond the fairest; and maintaining his boast in a solemn tourney, held in her honour, to the overthrow of all his opponents. This was our English Surrey, one of the earliest and most elegant of our amatory poets, and the lover of the Fair Geraldine. According to the old tradition repeated by all Surrey's biographers, he visited on his travels the famous necromancer Cornelius Agrippa, who, in a magic mirror, revealed to him the fair figure of his Geraldine, lying dishevelled on a couch, and by the light of a taper, reading one of his tenderest sonnets."—*Loves of the Poets*.

'Twas thus in the good days of old,
When hearts burn'd with chivalry's
blaze,
Our own gallant Surrey beheld
Young Geraldine weep o'er his lays :
'Twas thus, by the dark wizard's spell,
He saw her reposing at eve,
The song he had taught her so well,
Still making her young hosom heave ;
Still waking as tender a sigh,
As though her loved poet were
near,
Still causing as tearful an eye,
As though Surrey could kiss off each
tear !

Oh! would that *our* sages had power
To call up such visions of bliss,—
To show us, in hall or in bower,
Our ladies, through mirrors like this,
If, instead of their new *figure* Looms
For totting-up sixes and sevens,
For our Warburtons, Althorpes, and
Humes,
They make a few portable heavens
Like these, for poor youths, who, with
me,
Love to gaze on their mistress's
brow,—
What a fool Mr. Babbage would be
To such glass manufacturers now?

Though could we again hope to raise
From his grave the famed wizard to
life,
For a few of the bards of our days
Just to peep at a love—or a wife;
Instead of beholding her lie
In this love stricken pose, on her
bed,
Warm tears streaming down from her
eye,
And the chaste silver moon o'er her
head,

Sobbing over a sonnet or lay,—

Ten to one but the maid met his
sight

Spinning round in a teetotum way,

With some light-footed waltzer by
night!

And oh! by the stars, it were fun!

If a few little girls that one knows,

Who each looks demure as a nun,

Could be seen through *this* glass by
her beaux:

Alas! how the lovers would rave,

Alas! how the maidens would
swoon—

And how many a Romeo's grave,

Chalk Farm! wouldst thou see by
thy moon!

How seldom would bachelors wive,

How plenty old maids would appear

Could dear old Agrippa contrive

To pass a few weeks with us here!

ST. MAWGAN CHURCH AND LANHERN NUNNERY, CORNWALL.

BY L. E. L.

The old mansion of Lanhern belonged to the Lords Arundell of Wardour. It was given in 1794, by Henry eighth Lord Arundell, as an asylum for a convent of English Theresian nuns, who had migrated from Antwerp in consequence of the invasion of the French. The sisterhood, or rather their successors, still continue secluded in the old and lonely house now called the Lanhern nunnery.

It stands amid the sheltering boughs,
A place of peace, a place of rest,
Where the veiled virgin's hourly vows,
By prayer and penitence are blest.
The sunshine rests upon the walls,
More golden than the common day,
And there a stiller shadow falls,
Than rests on life's tumultuous way.

Alas ! why should this quiet place
Bring fancies of unrest to me ?
Why looks forth that beloved face,
I seem in every place to see ?

Ah, what may not those walls conceal!

The sunshine of that saintly shrine,
Might from its inmost depths reveal
Some spirit passionate as mine;

Some one condemned in youth to part
From all that made her youth so
dear,

To listen to her beating heart
In shame—in solitude and fear;
To know no hope before the grave;
To fear there is no hope beyond;
Yet scarcely dare of heaven to crave
Forgiveness for a faith too fond:

To feel the white and vestal veil
Grow wet and warm with worldly
tears;

To pass the midnight watching pale,
Yet tremble when the day appears;
Prostrate before the cross to kneel,
With eyes that may not look above.
How dare the dedicate to feel
The agony of earthly love?

Oh! misery, for the young heart doom-
ed

To waste and weep its youth away,

To be within itself entombed
And desperate with the long decay
Yes, misery ! but there may be
A yet more desperate despair ;
There is a love whose misery
Mocks all those cells may soothe and
share.

There the pale nun at least can keep
One treasured and unbroken dream ;
The love for which she wakes to
weep,
Seems ever what it once could
seem.
She knows not time's uncharming
touch,
Destroying every early hue ;
The false ! she dreameth not of such ;
Her love is still the deep, the true.

Not so the love of common life,
'Tis coloured by the common air ;
Its atmosphere with death is rife,
A moral pestilence is there.
Fevered—exacting—false and vain,
Like a disease it lingers on,
Though all that blest its first sweet
reign,
Its morning dew and light, are gone.

Such is the actual life of love,
Such is the love that I have known;
Unworthy of the heaven above,
Dust like the earth where it has
grown.
Ah! better far alone to dwell,
Dreaming about the dearest past;
And keeping, in the silent cell,
Life's best illusions to the last.

ETTY'S ROVER.

BY L. E. L.

THOU lovely and thou happy child,
Ah, how I envy thee!
I should be glad to change our state,
If such a change might be.

And yet it is a lingering joy
To watch a thing so fair,
To think that in our weary life
Such pleasant moments are.

A little monarch thou art there,
And of a fairy realm,
Without a foe to overthrow,
A care to overwhelm.

Thy world is in thy own glad will,
And in each fresh delight,
And in thy unused heart, which makes
Its own, its golden light.

With no misgivings in thy past,
Thy future with no fear ;
The present circles thee around,
An angel's atmosphere.

How little is the happiness
That will content a child ;
A favourite dog, a sunny fruit,
A blossom growing wild.

A word will fill the little heart
With pleasure and with pride ;
It is a harsh, a cruel thing,
That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours
Those joyous creatures know ;
How much of sorrow and restraint
They to their elders owe !

How much they suffer from our faults
How much from our mistakes !
How often too mistaken zeal
An infant's misery makes !

We overrule, and overteach
We curb and we confine ;
And put the heart to school too soon,
To learn our narrow line.

No ; only taught by love to love,
Seems childhood's natural task ;
Affection, gentleness, and hope,
Are all its brief years ask.

Enjoy thy happiness, sweet child,
With careless heart and eye ;
Enjoy those few bright hours which
now,
E'en now, are hurrying by.

And let the gazer on thy face
Grow glad with watching thee,
And better, kinder,—such, at least,
Its influence on me.

THE ORPHAN BALLAD
SINGERS.

OH, weary, weary are our feet,
And weary, weary is our way ;
Through many a long and crowded
street,
We've wandered mournfully to-day,
My little sister, she is pale,
She is too tender and too young
To bear the autumn's sullen gale,
And all day long the child has sung.

She was our mother's favourite child,
Who loved her for her eyes of blue ;
And she is delicate and mild,
She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
Although they were so like her
own ;
In some far distant sea he lies
A father to his child unknown.

The first time that she lisped his name
A little playful thing was she ;
How proud we were,—yet that night
came,
The tale how he had sunk at sea.

My mother never raised her head ;
 How strange, how white, how cold
 she grew !
 It was a broken heart, they said—
 I wish our hearts were broken too.

We have no home, we have no friends ;
 They said our home no more was
 ours ;
 Our cottage where the ash-tree bends,
 The garden we had filled with
 flowers ;
 The sounding shells our father
 brought,
 That we might hear the sea at home ;
 Our bees, that in the summer wrought
 The winter's golden honey-comb.

We wandered forth mid wind and
 rain,
 No shelter from the open sky ;
 I only wish to see again
 My mother's grave, and rest, and
 die.
 Alas ! it is a weary thing,
 To sing our ballads o'er and o'er ;
 The songs we used at home to sing—
 Alas, we have a home no more !

CALDRON SNOUT, WESTMORE LAND.

A PLACE of rugged rocks, adown whose
sides
The mountain torrent rushes, on
whose crags
The raven builds her nest, and tells
her young
Of former funeral feasts.

* * * * *

Long years have past since last I stood
Alone amid this mountain scene ;
Unlike the future which I dreamed,
How like my future it has been !
A cold grey sky o'erhung with clouds,
With showers in every passing
shade ;
How like the moral atmosphere,
Whose gloom my horoscope has
made !

I thought if yet my weary feet
Could rove my native hills again ;
A world of feeling would revive,
Sweet feelings wasted, worn in vain

My early hopes, my early joys,
I dreamed those valleys would restore ;
I asked for childhood to return,
For childhood which returns no more.

Surely the scene itself is changed !
There did not always rest, as now,
That shadow in the valley's depth,
That gloom upon the mountain brow.
Wild flowers within the chasms dwelt,
Like treasures in some fairy hold ;
And morning o'er the mountains shed,
Her kindling world of vapory gold.

Another season of the year
Is now upon the earth and me ;
Another spring will light these hills,
No other spring mine own may be ;
I must retune my unstrung heart,
I must awake the sleeping tomb,
I must recall the loved and lost,
Ere spring again for me could bloom

MARDALE HEAD. *

Why should I seek those scenes again, the past
Is on yon valley like a shroud ?

WEEP for the love that fate forbids,
Yet love's unhoping on,
Though every light that once il-
luminated
Its early path be gone.

Weep for the love that must resign
The heart's enchanted dream ;
And float, like some neglected bark,
Adown life's lonely stream.

Weep for the love these scenes recal.,
Like some enduring spell ;
It rests within the soul that loves
Too vainly and too well.

* Among the mountains which form the southern boundary of Housewater is Mardalehead, a wild and solitary region, wherein nature, working with a master hand, seems to have produced the very beautiful ideal of romantic grandeur and sublimity.

Weep for the breaking heart con-
demned
To see its youth pass by ;
Whose lot has been, in this cold world,
To dream, despair, and die.

IVY BRIDGE, DEVONSHIRE.

BY L. E. L.

OH, recall not the past, though this
valley be filled
With all we remember, and all we
regret ;
The flowers of its summer have long
been distilled,
The essence has perished : ah ! let
us forget.
What avails it to mourn over hours
that are gone,
O'er illusions by youth, and by fan-
tasy nurst
Alas ! of the few that are lingering,
none
Wear the light or the hues that en-
circled the first.

Alas for the spring time! alas for our youth!

The grave has no slumber more cold than the heart,

When, languid and darkened, it sinks into truth,

And sees the sweet colours of morning depart.

Life still has its falsehoods to lure and to leave,

But they cannot delude like the earlier light;

We know that the twilight encircles the eve,

And sunset is only the rainbow of night.

THE ENGLISH BOY

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Go call thy sons ; instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors ; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were
 born."

Akenside.

Look from the ancient mountains
 down,
 My noble English boy !
 Thy country's fields around thee
 gleam,
 In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have roll'd since foeman's march
 Pass'd o'er that old firm sod ;
 For well the land hath fealty held
 To freedom and to God !

Gaze proudly on, my English boy !
 And let thy kindling mind
 Drink in the spirit of high thought,
 From every chainless wind.

There in the shadow of old Time
The halls beneath thee lie,
Which pour'd forth to the fields of yore
Our England's chivalry.

How bravely and how solemnly
They stand midst yoke and yew !
Whence Cressy's yeomen haply
framed
The bow, in battle true.

And round their walls the good swords
hang,
Whose faith knew no alloy ;
And shields of knighthood pure from
stain
Gaze on, my English boy !

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams by the antique elm ;
Or where the minster lifts the cross
High through the air's blue realm.

Martyrs have shower'd their free
heart's blood,
That England's prayer might rise,
From those grey fanes of thoughtful
years,
Unfetter'd to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their
trees,

This earth's most glorious dust,
Once fired with valour, wisdom, song,
Is laid in holy trust.

Gaze on—gaze farther yet,
My gallant English boy!
Yon blue seas bears thy country's
flag,
The billow's pride and joy.

Those waves in many a fight have
closed
Above her faithful dead;
That red cross flag victoriously
Has floated o'er their bed.

They perish'd—this green turf to
keep
By hostile tread unstained;
These knightly halls inviolate,
Those churches unprofaned.

And high and clear their memories'
light
Along our shore is set;
And many an answering beacon fire
Shall there be kindled yet!

Lift up thy heart, my English boy !
And pray like *them* to stand ;
Should God so summon *thee*, to guard
The altars of the land.

NATHAN'S KIEVE.

The name of a beautiful waterfall, situated in a retired valley running up from the sea, between Boscastle and Tintadgel, on the northern coast of Cornwall. The spot is so sequestered, and the fall so concealed by overhanging rocks, that a stranger, following the course of the stream up the glen, and coming upon it unexpectedly, might, "with small help from fancy," imagine himself the first discoverer of a scene so solitary.

A STREAM, a lovely stream, eternally
Pouring wild music down the rocky
dell ;
A breeze, a playful breeze, that lingers
nigh,
As loth to bid its ocean home fare-
well ;
Such voices breathed for aye in na-
ture's ear,
Like spirit's airy whispers, greet us
here.

But far within the depths of yonder
nook,
Tangled with copse and matted o'er
with fern,
Lo! the glad waters of the sylvan
brook
Rush down the cliff, as from a
naiad's urn :
Sure 'tis some vision raised by wizard's
call,
The silvery crest of that lone water-fall.

Here, here to sit, and cherish many a
dream
Of ours that people memory's storied
cell ;
The ceaseless dash of Nathan's head-
long stream
The only voice to break each witch-
ing spell,
That gathers o'er the soul in such a
scene,
Musings of what may be, and what
has been.

Lovely, most lovely—human tread
profane
May scarce amid these unknown
shades intrude,

And nature spreads around her rude
domain,
A veil of deep and holy solitude ;
Wild haunt of golden visions, such as
fling
O'er fancy's realm their own bright
colouring.

Yes—there are thousand forms of
earth and sky
Hovering around, that oft at eventide,
That heavenly hour, when all is poesy,
Along their lov'd untrodden valley
glide ;
On high they wave their joyous
plumes, and weave
The mystic dance above yon foaming
Kieve.

Nor unremembered be the poet's
theme,
The beauty of that legendary tale
Of those, whose lives roll'd onwards
as a dream,
Those ancient two, the sisters of the
dale ;
Driven from their native hearth afar to
roam
Within those mouldering walls they
found a home.

A home, but not of peace, the vigil
lone,
The prayer of agony, the fast severe,
For deeds of former years would fain
atone—
Mysterious deeds which none did
ever hear;
Time passed—at length that fearful
penance closed,
The awful sisters in the grave re-
posed.*

* Immediately above the fall are the remains of a small hut, which, as the legend runs, was tenanted some centuries since by two females, who came none could tell from whence, and spent the remainder of their lives in this lonely spot. There was a mysterious dignity about them; their very names were unknown; and their story is still related by the peasants of the country with feelings of reverential awe.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER HER SLEEPING CHILD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

SLEEP on, sleep on, my little boy,
No child have I on earth but thee ;
Last night thou wert a father's joy,
But now, alas ! oh, where is he ?

Methinks I see his manly form
Toss'd by each rude and boisterous
wave,
Till, underneath the raging storm,
He found the ocean's deepest grave.

And there unseen to mortal eye,
He takes his rest—sweet may it be !
While here a widow I must sigh,
And gaze with joyless heart on thee.

But there is One in heaven above,
The widow's husband and her joy,
Who, with his everlasting love,
Shall be thy father, O my boy !

LINES TO AN OLD OAK TREE.

BY JOHN JONES, ESQ.

How oft in childhood's happy hour
 I've rested in thy shade,
 More blest than in the brightest bow'r
 That fancy ever made.

How oft I've watch'd the redd'ning
 sun
 Sink burning in the west,
 And mark'd the birds as, one by one,
 They sought thy boughs for rest.

I knew not then of worldly care,
 Or knew it but by name ;
 I ask'd not with the great to share
 Their riches or their fame.

But happy and content with thee,
 My faithful dog, to roam,
 I never thought my joys would flee,
 Or I should leave my home.

But, ah ! how chang'd is all to me,
 My faithful dog is dead ;

Companion of my youth, for thee
A kindly tear I shed.

Thou too hast felt, my old oak tree,
Time's fell destroying hand,
Blighted, withered, scathed like me
Thou still dost proudly stand.

And like to thee, I still have left
A leaf or two yet green ;
Too soon of all we'll be bereft,
Pluck'd by a hand unseen.

But still the ivy clings to thee,
And round thy rugged breast,
Entwines itself in constancy,
Despite of nature's waste.

While I alone the storm must brave,
And curl the lip at fate,
And sink with peasant to the grave,
The cold earth-worm my mate.

My birth-place too, my childhood's
home !
To strangers it is gone,
And careless feet now reckless roam
Along the verdant lawn.

By stranger's feet its halls are trod ;
They reck not of the past,
But on each rev'rend household god
Cold looks they careless cast.

No sweet associations rise
For them at mem'ry's call ;
No early dear domestic ties,
Those scenes can e'er recall.

But dully floating down the stream
That bears us all away,
They seldom think of childhood's
dream
When life is in decay.

Perchance there are among them too,
Some, thoughtless, young, and gay,
As I was, twenty years ago,
When there I us'd to play.

Oh ! may they never know the care
With which I am oppress'd ;
But brightly may their lives still wear
Until they sink to rest.

THE DYING.

BY MARY EMILY JACKSON.

Oh, mother, make my bed for me,
I'll ask it not again ;
Why are thy eyes so dim with tears ?
I would not give thee pain

Father, dear father, ere I die,
Draw near my couch of death,
And seal thy blessing, ere I yield
My last expiring breath.

Sister, stretch out thy trembling hand,
I feel I'm dying now ;
Wipe off those tear-drops from thy
eyes,
And smooth my burning brow.

Brother, breathe out thy last farewell,
And give thy parting kiss,
Ere my freed spirit takes its flight
To yon bright world of bliss.

Friends of my gay and joyous hours,
I've loved you deep and long,

Breathe out for me one parting prayer,
And sing one parting song.

Farewell ! but when I'm laid to rest,
Breathe not for me a sigh ;
Death comes ! it was a grief to live,
An endless bliss to die.

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

ALONE in crowds to wander on,
And feel that all the charm is gone,
Which voices dear and eyes beloved
Shed round us once where'er we
 roved ;
This, this the doom must be
Of all who've loved, and lived to see
The few bright things they thought
 would stay
For ever near them die away.

Though fairer forms around us throng
Their smiles to others all belong

And what that light which dwells
alone

Round those the fond heart calls its
own.

Where, where the sunny brow!

The long known voice—where are
they now!

Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,—
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old,
From lips now mute and eyes now
cold!

No, no—her spell is vain,—
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the
grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

DIRGE AT SEA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Sleep!—we give thee to the wave,
Red with life-blood from the brave;
Thou shalt find a noble grave,
Fare thee well!

Sleep! the billowy field is won,
Proudly may the funeral gun,
Midst the hush, at set of sun,
Boom thy knell!

Lonely, lonely is thy bed,
Never there may flower be shed,
Marble reared,—or brother's head
Bowed to weep.

Yet thy record on the sea,
Borne through battle high and free,
Long the red cross flag shall be.
Sleep! O sleep!

A THOUGHT AT SUNSET.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

STILL that last look is solemn—though
 thy rays,
 O sun! to-morrow will give back,
 we know,
 The joy to nature's heart. Yet
 through the glow
 Of clouds that mantle thy decline, our
 gaze
 Tracks thee with love half fearful:
 and in days
 When earth too much adored thee,
 what a swell
 Of mournful passion, deepening mighty
 lays,
 Told how the dying bade thy light
 farewell;
 O sun of Greece! O glorious festal
 sun!
 Lost, lost! for them thy golden hours
 were done,

And darkness lay before them.
 Happier far
 Are we, not *thus* to thy bright wheels
 enchained,
 Not thus for thy last parting unsus-
 tained,
 Heirs of a purer day, with its un-
 setting star.

THE BURIAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Lowly upon his bier
 The royal conqueror lay ;
 Baron and chief stood near,
 Silent in war-array.

Down the long minster's aisle
 Crowds, mutely gazing, stream'd,
 Altar and tomb the while
 Through mists of incense gleam'd.

And by the torch's blaze
 The stately priest had said

High words of power and praise
To the glory of the dead.

They lowered him, with the sound
Of requiems, to repose ;
When from the throngs around
A solemn voice arose :—

“ Father ! forbear ! ” it cried ;
“ In the holiest Name, forbear !
He hath conquered regions wide,
But he shall not slumber *there* !

“ By the violated hearth
Which made way for yon proud
shrine :
By the harvests which this earth
Hath borne for me and mine :

“ By the house e’en here o’erthrown,
On my brethren’s native spot ;
Hence ! with his dark renown
Cumber our birth-place not !

“ Will my sire’s unransom’d field,
O’er which your censers wave,
To the buried spoiler yield
Soft slumbers in the grave ?

“The tree before him fell,
Which we cherished many a year;
But its deep root yet shall swell,
And heave against his bier.

“The land that I have tilled
Hath yet its brooding breast
With my home’s white ashes filled,
And it shall not give him rest!

“Each pillar’s massy bed
Hath been wet by weeping eyes—
Away! bestow your dead
Where no wrong against him cries.”

—Shame glowed on each dark face
Of those proud and steel-girt men,
And they bought with gold a place
For their leader’s dust e’en then.

A little earth for him
Whose banner flew so far!
And a peasant’s tale could dim
The name, a nation’s star!

One deep voice thus arose
From a heart which wrongs had
riven,—
Oh! who shall number those
That were but heard in heaven?

THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

BY BULWER.

Buy my flowers—O buy, I pray
 The blind girl comes from afar ;
 If the earth be as fair as I hear them
 say,
 These flowers her children are !
 Do they her beauty keep !
 They are fresh from her lap, I
 know ;
 For I caught them fast asleep
 In her arms an hour ago,
 With the air which is her breath—
 Her soft and delicate breath—
 Over them murmuring low !

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers
 yet,
 And their cheeks with tender tears are
 wet,
 For she weeps—that gentle mother
 weeps—
 (As morn and night her watch she
 keeps,

With a yearning heart and a passion-
ate care)

To see the young thing grow so fair ;
She weeps—for love she weeps,
And the dew's are the tears she
weeps,

From the well of a mother's love !
Ye have a world of light,

Where love in the lov'd rejoices ;
But the blind girl's home is the house
of night,

And its beings are empty voices.

As one in the realms below,
I stand by the streams of woe ;
I hear the vain shadows glide,
I feel their soft breath at my side,
And I thirst the lov'd forms to see,
And I stretch my fond arms around,
And I catch but shapeless sound,
For the living are ghosts to me.

Come buy—come buy !—
Hark ! how the sweet things sigh,
(For they have a voice like ours,)
“The breath of the blind girl closes
The leaves of the saddening roses—
We are tender, we sons of light,
We shrink from this child of night ;

From the grasp of the blind girl free
us ;
We yearn for the eyes that see us—
We are for night too gay.
In your eyes we behold the day"—
O buy—O buy the flowers !

THE CHANGED ONE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

SISTER ! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath past
In the softness of thine eyes
Deep and still a shadow lies ;
From thy voice there thrills a tone
Never to thy childhood known ;
'Through thy soul a storm hath mov'd—
Gentle sister, thou hast lov'd !

Yes, thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought ;
Far along the wandering stream
Thou art followed by a dream ;
In the woods and valleys lone
Music haunts thee not thine own ;

Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
Sister, thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!
On my bosom pour that shower!
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirr'd!
Home alone can give thee rest—
Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

SHE was my idol. Night and day to
scan
The fine expansion in her form, and
mark
The unfolding mind, like vernal rose-
buds, start
To sudden beauty, was my chief de-
light.
To find her fairy footsteps following
me—
Her hand upon my garments—or her
lip

Long sealed to mine—and in the
watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to
feel
Soft on my cheek—was such a full
content
Of happiness, as none but mothers
know.
Her voice was like some tiny harp that
yields
To the slight-finger'd breeze—and as it
held
Long converse with her doll, or kindly
soothed
Her meaning kitten, or with patient
care
Conn'd o'er her alphabet—but most of
all,
Its tender cadence in her evening
prayer,
Thrill'd on the ear like some ethereal
tone,
Heard in sweet dreams.—
But now I sit alone,
Musing of her—and dew with mourn
ful tears
The little robes that once, with wo
man's pride

I wrought, as if there was a need to
deck
What God had made so beautiful. I
start,
Half fancying from her empty crib
there comes
A restless sound—and breathes accus-
tom'd words—
“Hush, hush, Louisa, dearest.” Then
I weep,
As though it were a sin to speak to
one
Whose home is with the angels—
Gone to God!
And yet I wish I had not seen the
pang
That wrung her features, nor the ghastr-
ly white
Settling around her lips. I would that
heaven
Had taken its own, like some trans-
planted flower,
Blooming in all its freshness.—
Gone to God!
Be still, my heart!—what could a mo-
ther's prayer,
In all its wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of
heaven?

THE DYING SOLDIER.*

BY MISS PARDOE.

RAISE yet again my sinking head,
 And tell me of the fight ;
 I know my heart's best blood is shed,
 And quenched my manhood's might.
 Yet, comrade, yet I fain would hear,
 Ere cold in death I lie,
 The shout come pealing on my ear
 Of Britain's victory !

I see, I see a host draw nigh :
 They're British who advance !
 And those who fly—in panic fly—
 They are the troops of France !
 Oh ! tell me that I do not rave—
 Whisper those words again—
 And I shall sink into the grave
 Without one groan of pain.

I thank thee for the glorious tale :
 I knew it *must* be so—

* Written on reading the death of Sir John Moore at Corunna.

or when did British soldiers fail
 Before a foreign foe?
 In glory I lay down my head,
 'Mid shouts of victory!
 Not, not in vain my blood was shed—
 Now, comrade, let me die!

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.*

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

ART thou some spirit from that bliss-
 ful land
 Where fever never burns, nor hearts
 are riven?
 That soothing smile, those accents
 ever bland,
 Say, were they born of earth, or
 caught from heaven?

Art thou some seraph-minister of grace
 Whose glorious mission in the skies
 has birth?

* Written after meeting a Sister of Charity in the Hotel Dieu.

An angel, sure, in bearing, form, and
face :

All but thy tears—and they belong
to earth !

Oh, ne'er did beauty in ner loftiest pride
A splendour boast that may compare
with thine ;

Thus bending low yon sufferer's bed
beside,

Thy graces mortal, but thy cares
divine.

A woman, filled with all a woman's
fears,

Yet strong to wrestle with despair
and woe ;

A thing of softest smiles and tenderest
tears,

That once would tremble did a
breeze but blow.

Leaving, perchance, some gay and
happy home,

Music's rich tones, the rose's odo-
rous breath,

Throughout the crowded lazar-house
to roan,

And pierce the haunts of pestilence
and death.

For ever flitting with a noiseless tread,
 As loth to break the pain-worn
 slumberer's rest;
 To smoothe the pillow, raise the droop-
 ing head,
 And pour thy balsam on the bleed-
 ing breast.

Or, 'mid each calmer interval of pain,
 The Christian's hope and promis'd
 boon to show;
 And when all human anodynes are
 vain,
 To nerve the bosom for its final
 throe.

To lead the thoughts from harrowing
 scenes like this,
 To that bless'd shore where sin and
 sorrow cease,—
 To imp the flagging soul for realms of
 bliss,
 And bid the world-worn wanderer
 part in peace.

A creature vowed to serve both God
 and man,
 No narrow aims thy cherished cares
 control;

Thou dost all faith, love, pity, watch-
 ing can,
 To heal the body and to save the soul.

No matter who, so he thy service
 need ;
 No matter what the suppliant's claim
 may be ;
 Thou dost not ask his country or his
 creed ;
 To know he suffers is enough for thee.

Not even from guilt dost thou thine
 aid withhold,
 Whose Master bled a sinful world
 to save :
 Fearless in faith, in conscious virtue
 bold,
 'Tis thine the sick blasphemer's
 couch to brave :

To note the anguish of despairing
 crime,
 Lash the wild scorpions of the soul
 within ;
 Those writhings fierce, those agonies
 sublime,
 That seem from conscience half
 their force to win ;

Then glide before that dark demoniac's sight,

The cup of healing in thy gentle hand,—

A woman strengthened with an angel's might,

The storm of pain and passion to command.

To calm the throbbings of his fevered brow ;

Cool his parched lips, his bursting wounds to bind ;—

Then with deep faith before the cross to bow

For power to still the tumult of his mind.

And it is given : the softliest whispered word

Now falls like oil on that tempestuous sea ;

Hard as his heart may seem, there's still a chord

Once touched, his ravings all are stilled by thee.

see thee stand, and mark that wondrous change

With more than mortal triumph in thine eye ;

'Then blessed and blessing, turn with
 tears to range
 Where other claimants on thy kind-
 ness lie.

By many a faint and feeble murmur
 led,
 A willing slave where'er the
 wretched call;
 I see thee softly flit from bed to bed,
 Each wish forestalling, bearing balm
 to all.

Performing humblest offices of love
 For such as know no human love
 beside,—
 Still on thy healing way in mercy
 move,
 Daughter of pity, thus for ever
 glide!

Not thine the hollow zeal that loves to
 climb
 When spurious faith her ensign
 rears on high;
 That seeks the heathen of some far off
 clime,
 But leaves the wretched of its own
 to die.

Mercy—"twice blessed," in him who
gives and takes—

Is thine, with all its attributes re-
fined ;

Thy nobler love no nice distinction
makes,

But heals the flesh, and then informs
the mind.

All peace to thee, and thy devoted
band,

Vowed to earth's gloomy "family of
pain ;"

Whose worth could even the unwill-
ing awe command

Of blood-stain'd men who owned no
other chain ;

Long may ye live the cherished badge
to wear

Whose snow-white folds might dig-
nify a queen,

To fainting souls your cup of life to
bear,

And be the angels ye have ever
been !

THE BRIDAL.

SHE stood beside the altar, but I saw
 her cheek was pale,
 When the summer breezes wafted
 back her snow-white bridal veil ;
 And listlessly she gazed upon the
 bright throng gather'd there,
 As though in all that glitt'ring scene
 her heart had little share.

Her youthful form was such an one as
 painters love to trace,
 With raven hair, and deep dark eyes,
 and steps so full of grace ;
 A flow'r just op'ning into bloom, and
 yet a blight was there,
 And on her gentle brow she bore the
 marks of woe and care.

The bridegroom's mein was stern and
 dark, and with an air of pride
 He rais'd the trembling hand of that
 young victim at his side ;

And prouder still the father look'd, as
near he took his stand,
And hail'd his lovely daughter there—
a peeress of the land !

O what a glance she gave him then !
it was so full of woe,
There needed not the power of words
her wretchedness to show ;
But quickly, with a quiv'ring lip and
one deep mournful sigh,
She turn'd away to hide the tears that
gather'd in her eye.

Full brightly flash'd the costly gems
amidst her glossy hair,
And oriental pearls were twin'd
around her arms so fair ;
But love will not be bought and sold—
ye may bring golden chains,
And hearts ye fain would fetter thus
still mock at all your pains.

And well do I remember now a frank
and gallant youth,
Who pledg'd unto that lovely one a
vow of endless truth ;
But their fond dream of tenderness full
soon has pass'd away,
And hopes that once seem'd fresh and
bright have turn'd unto decay.

Heav'n help thee, noble lady! for full
bitter it will be
When he thou lovest shall return, but
not return for thee ;
And thou must deck thy face in smiles,
and strive to seem at peace,
Albeit the pangs that rend thine heart
will never, never cease.

O thou hast learn'd that happiness on
earth is never known,
But in the azure courts of heav'n it
flourishes alone ;
And ere its ever-verdant leaves can
greet the weary eye,
We must toil through a wilderness, and
then lie down to die !

THE END.

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